RIPPERLAND
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JOHN HARRIS DUNNING
ALESSANDRO OLIVERI
FRANCESCA VIVALDI
FABIO AMELIA

RIPPERLAND™

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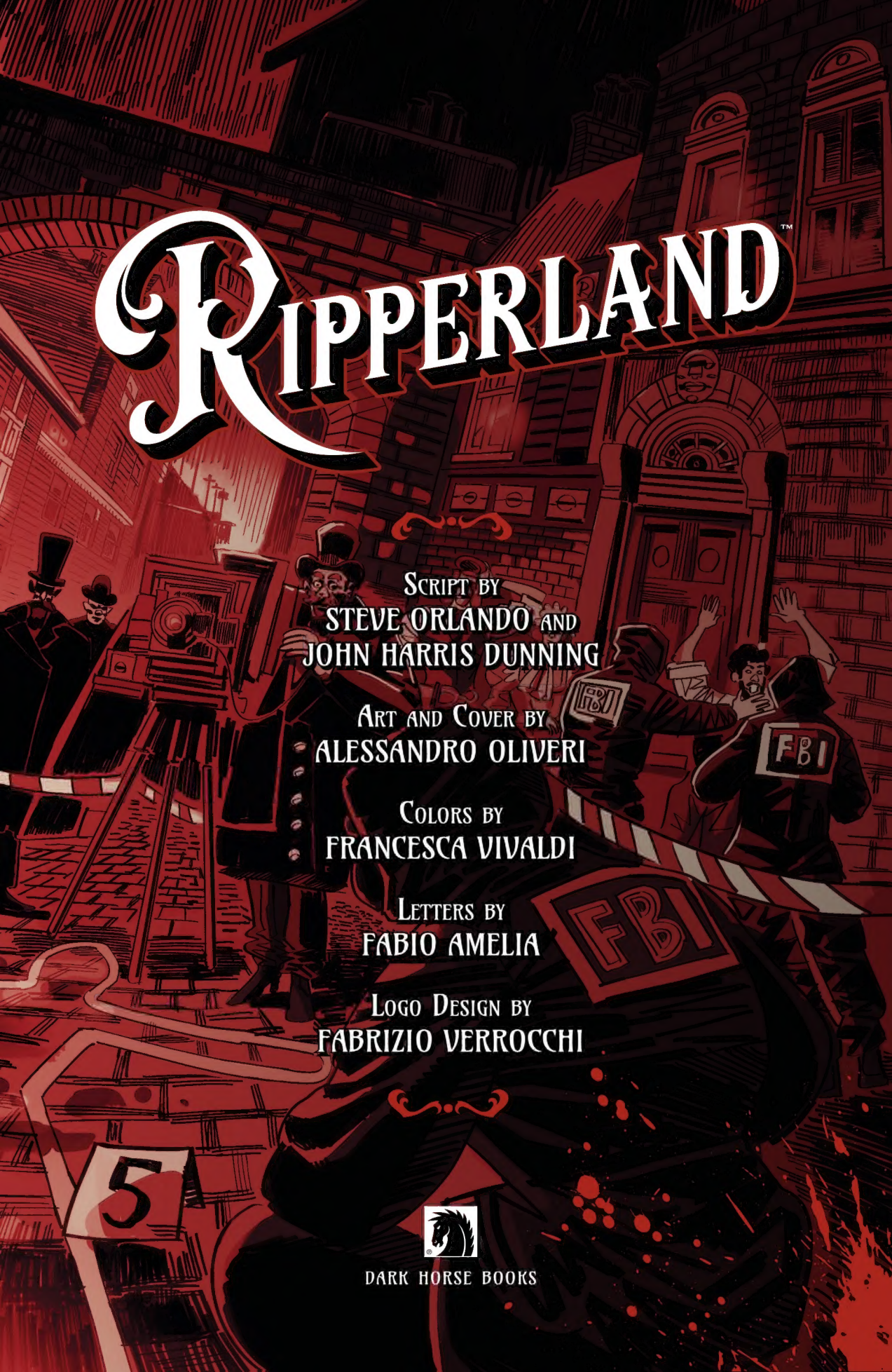
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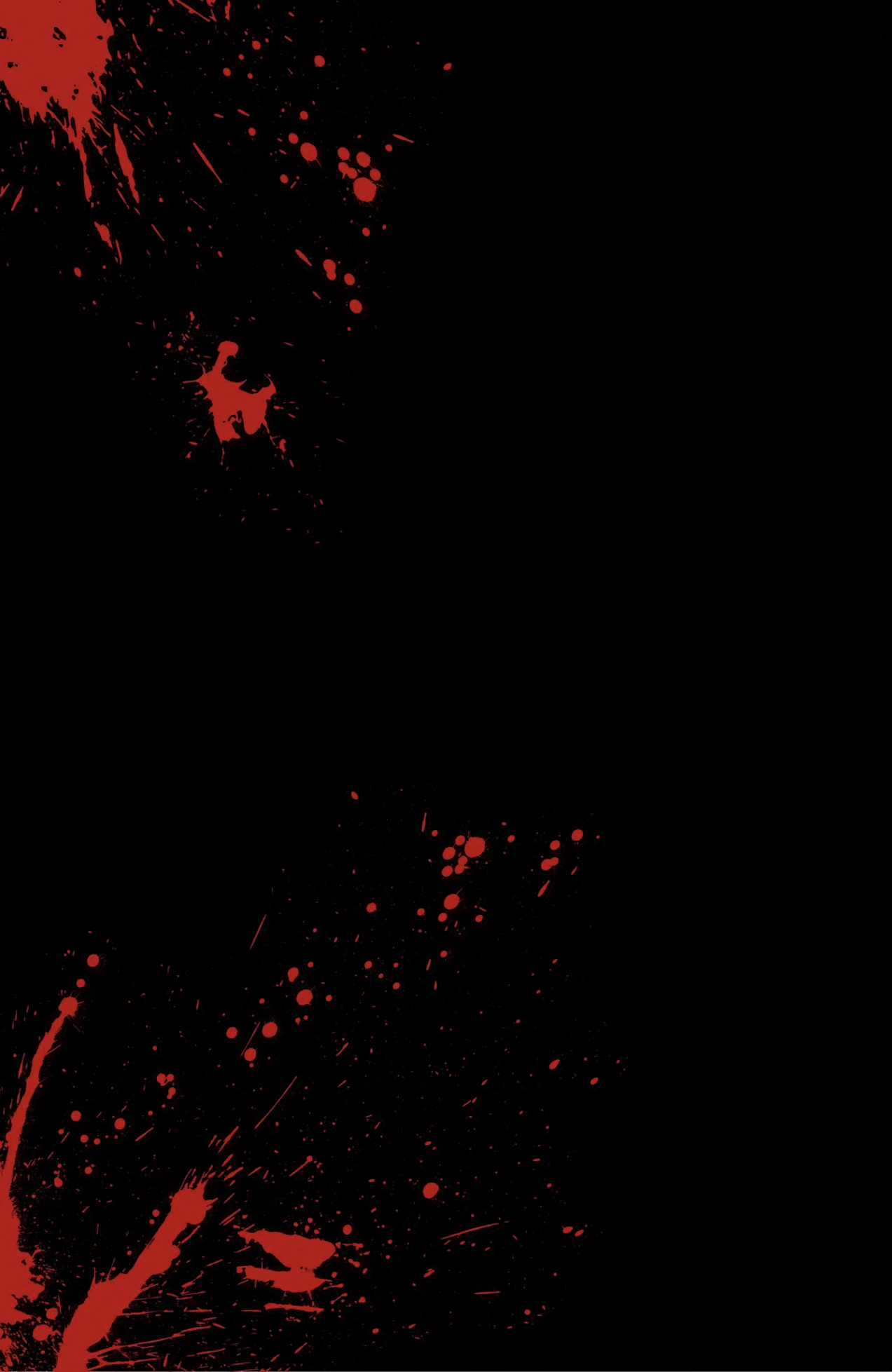
Foreword

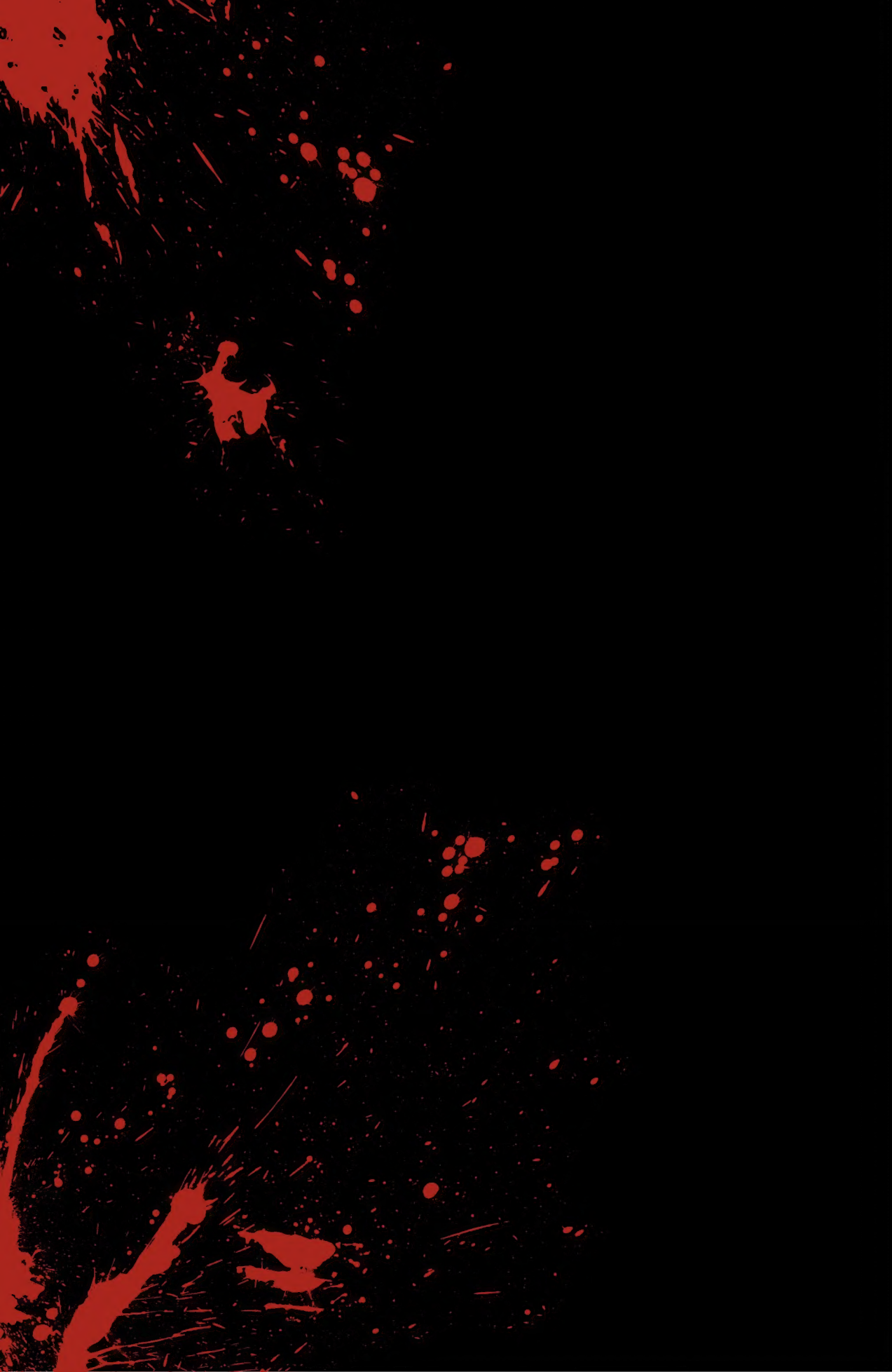
By Steve Orlando

Sometimes, the universe moves the right pieces together for something special. Years ago, I hadn't even met John Harris Dunning. After all, that's how meeting people works. But still, I was happy to talk when John reached out to interview me for *The Guardian*. He was immediately thoughtful, professional, and perceptive with his questions. And in the aftermath, we talked a bit about John's own writing. He was crushing it in the European scene, and I quickly tracked down his work and read it for myself. These were the types of comics that made me love the medium years ago, and I was instantly a fan.

A few years later, John had just teed up his first big work in America, *Wiper*, which by coincidence was also published by Dark Horse. He'd come to the States for New York Comic Con and wanted to catch up, and I was eager to hear how things had been going with his writing. Soon, we were sitting on the High Line, talking about what draws buzz in the American market. John's a more elegant writer than this blunt instrument may ever be, so I laid out my thoughts on what catches on over on this side of the pond, and John said he'd give it a think. In almost no time, he reached out about a collaboration on the idea that would become *Ripperland*. It was the perfect concept to bring together the two of us as creators, mashing up our styles just as Holden and Fogg must mash up their own professional styles to solve one of London's most grotesque murders. The interplay between the two leads was set to be key, and the interplay between us as creators would turn out to be a joy. Once Alessandro Oliveri came into the picture by way of our friends at Arancia Studio, the feel of the book took hold. Both John and Arancia were friendly with Dark Horse, and I was eager to work with a publisher I'd yet to be lucky enough to work with, never mind one that had long been a dream destination. So, Dark Horse sealed the deal. To soft quote *The Big Lebowski*, they really pulled the project together.

From there, the book began to grow. And it's no secret to people who know me personally that *Ripperland* was one of my favorite books to work on every month as we were putting it together. And that's because everyone was clicking, everything was singing, and when that happens . . . the creativity becomes aggregate, the story takes on a life of its own. I'm so proud of what we all created here. It's the type of book, as I hinted at above, that made me love comics. And I humbly hope that's the case for everyone who picks it up as well. The world of *Ripperland* is speculative fiction at its best, a combination of perspectives and styles from two sides of the Atlantic Ocean that you simply cannot find anywhere else. I could go on and on about its wonders, but that's something Fogg would almost certainly feel is uncouth. So, instead, I invite you to keep turning the pages to a world like you've never seen, a gorgeously illustrated adventure with love for *From Hell* and *Westworld* alike. Here is an England recast as a nationwide theme park, where being an actor is the only job there is, and the culture itself is something of a cage—a surreal setting where actual English citizens must bring an outsider country's views of their history to life just to survive. And in this strange tomorrow, we find two detectives from different worlds united by their undying drive to solve a murder that they're beginning to suspect neither of their countries truly wishes them to solve. Welcome to tomorrow's past England, welcome to *Ripperland*. Watch your step: There's adventure on the streets and danger lurking in every shadow.





London has always been a theater of crime--the very architecture affords the perfect stage for felonious activities. Never more so than now, in the year of our Lord 2188.
And the grand old girl's desperate people provide an endless cast of actors. Can one man really hope to turn this tide of infamy?
HAIR DRESSER
Yet here I am, trailing burglar Jake "the Eel" Whitby. **Suspected** burglar, to be precise. My efforts may be useless in the grand scheme of things, but I can't just stand by...
...as this city drowns in vice.

OUT HERE LAST NIGHT AND TODAY AND THIS IS ALL YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW FOR IT?!
I'LL TAN YOUR HIDE, YOU SLOTHFUL LITTLE GUTTERSNIPE!
PLEASE! MERCY!
IF I COULD JUST GET SOME REST--
THE CHEEK OF IT! UNLESS YOU'VE GOT SOME PENNIES IN YOUR POCKET, YOU CAN SLEEP ROUGH TONIGHT!
I'M NOT RUNNING A CHARITY!
THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH, MADAM.
THIS YOUNG LADY HAS HEARD YOUR COMPLAINTS--AS HAS EVERYONE ELSE ON THE STREET.
AND WHO ARE YOU, DEARIE? A KNIGHT OF THE BLOODY ROUND TABLE?
POLICE. I'M A DETECTIVE. AND I'M TELLING YOU-- ENOUGH.
WELL, A POLICE DETECTIVE SHOULD HAVE BETTER THINGS TO DO THAN HARANGUING AN HONEST TRADER...
BUT THEN, WHAT WOULD A HUMBLE WORKING WOMAN LIKE ME KNOW?
SMACK
PLEASE, MERCY!

I'M SORRY, SIR. WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT, I'M AFRAID...
OI! YOU CAN'T GO BACK THERE--
SHUT YER BONEBOX!
QUITE THE ENTRANCE, MASTER WHITBY.
OGLE THIS BEAUTY...DAZZLING ENOUGH TA BLIND YA!
BLIND. YES...TO THE DANGERS OF HANDLING IT. THESE ARE LADY BRACKNELL'S ENGAGEMENT EMERALDS.
THE WHOLE OF LONDON IS SEARCHING FOR THEM.

THIS IS THE BIGGEST SWIPE I'VE EVER PULLED! THEM SPARKLERS ARE WORTH--
TOO BIG A BURGLARY. THE ERROR OF AN AMATEUR.
I KNEW YOU'D TURN UP HERE, IN TIME. AND IF I KNOW THAT...SO DOES THE LAW.
BARRING THE SEWER, THERE WAS NO WAY IN OR OUT OF THE HOUSE. WHO ELSE COULD HAVE SQUEEZED THROUGH A PIPE THAT SIZE--BUT THE EEL?
AND WHO HAD JUST BEEN RELEASED FROM JAIL?
I'M AFRAID THESE ARE WORTHLESS. YOU WADED THROUGH SHIT FOR NOTHING!
A HARSH LESSON, I'M SURE. BUT TAKE HEART--AT LEAST YOU'RE INFAMOUS.
LADIES ALL OVER LONDON ARE DREAMING OF YOU WIGGLING THROUGH THEIR PIPES...
HELL OF A WELCOME FROM A FENCE.
TO THA DEVIL WITH YA!

I MEAN, THAT OPIUM DEN WAS LIKE--SO AUTHENTIC!
I'M NOW LIKE SO AUTHENTICALLY STONED. AND I--
UGHK! HEY!
THAT-- THAT ONE TOUCHED ME!
THIS IS LIKE, IT'S TOO AUTHENTIC, RIGHT? DIDN'T PEOPLE WASH BACK IN VICTORIAN TIMES?
ENOUGH SLUMMING IT! ONWARDS TO THE KENWOOD HOUSE BALL! WE'RE DUE TO MAKE A BAD IMPRESSION!
SHIT, I HOPE I'M NOT OVERDRESSED..
SO, THIS IS WHERE THE FUN HAPPENS, EH?
BLOODY YANKS! NOT EVEN A PIPE OF THE OLD DREAM POWDER CAN SHUT THEIR TRAPS.

CHEERS, OLD MAN.
HERE'S AN IDEA--EVERYONE CARRIES ME TO THE BALL! A PROPERLY ROYAL ENTRANCE!
BUT YOU'RE NOT ROYAL, KENNY--JUST A ROYAL PAIN IN THE ASS.
There you are-- I've got you now, you slippery blaggard!
Jewels and all!

POLLUTION HERE'S WORSE THAN LA!
EVERYONE SAY S-L-E-E-E-A-Z-E!
COME ON, KEN. YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T DO THAT--NO ANACHRONISMS.
PUBLIC DISPLAYS OF TECH ARE AGAINST THE RULES.
RULES? WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TALKING TO?
FITZPATRICKS DON'T OBEY RULES. THEY MAKE AND BREAK THEM!
NOW...
SNAP
SOMEONE NEEDS TO GET LAID!
EXCUSE ME, KIND SIR...
WOULD YOU DO ME THE HONOR OF LETTING ME SHINE YOUR SHOES?

IT'S HARD TO IMPROVE ON THE APPAREL OF A GENT AS DAPPER AS YOU--
BUT PERHAPS YOU'D ALLOW ME JUST THAT ONE SMALL CONTRIBUTION?
TRUST ME, I'D WELCOME YOUR CONTRIBUTION, BUD.
THE BIGGER THE BETTER...
LET'S GO, KENNY! PLENTY OF PRINCE CHARMINGS AT THE BALL.
BUT I WANT THIS ONE!
I'LL CATCH UP WITH Y'ALL LATER, DEAL?
ARE...ARE YOU SURE DIPPING INTO THE POPULATION'S THE BEST IDEA?
CALL IT INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMACY. ANYWAY, WHAT'S THE WORST THAT CAN HAPPEN HERE--
HE HITS ME WITH THE COMPLETE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS AS I FINISH?
"IT WAS THE BEST OF TIMES, IT WAS THE WORST OF TIMES"...

GOD Save THE QUEEN
WANTED
YOU'RE NICKED, EEL.
SOCK!
THUD

STOP!
THERE'S NOWHERE TO RUN!
LIKE HELL YER TAKIN' ME IN, FOGG!
EEEAAAAHHHH

HE'S INSIDE OUT...I...I FELL RIGHT INTO HIM...
INSIDE HIM...SUCH A MESS, I FELL...
BLAST IT!
YOU'RE SAFE NOW, LITTLE ONE. IT'S OKAY.
JUST SHOW ME...

...WHAT ALL THE BOTHER'S ABOUT?

"THINK OF THIS AS AN OPPORTUNITY. YOU'RE NO USE TO ANYONE STARING AT THE PAINT ON YOUR APARTMENT WALLS."
FBI FIELD OFFICE. BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.
LEAST OF ALL YOURSELF.
I APPRECIATE YOUR FAITH IN ME, DIRECTOR CAIN. BUT I'M JUST NOT READY AFTER--
YOU NEEDED TIME TO GET YOUR HEAD STRAIGHT, HOLDEN. YOU HAD IT. NOW, I WANT YOU BACK UP ON YOUR HORSE!
AND IN THIS CASE, THAT HORSE IS SET FOR LONDON.

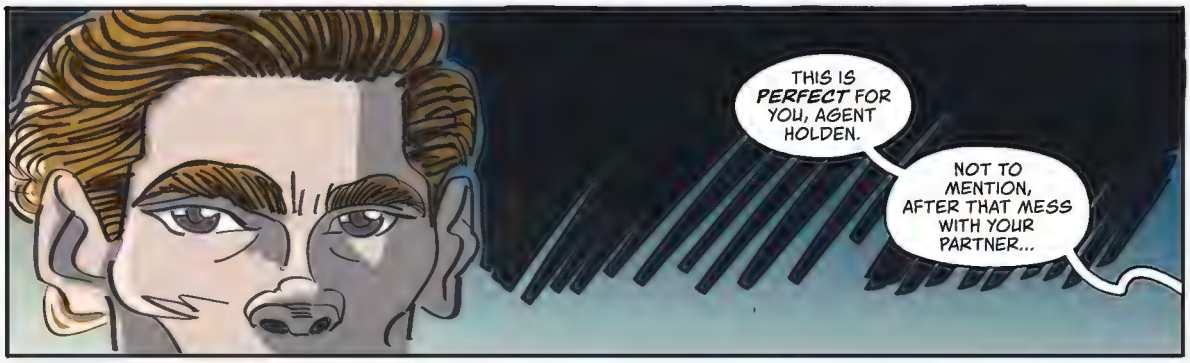
LONDON? WHAT IS THIS-- IMMERSIVE THEATER?
A VICTORIAN MURDER-MYSTERY EXPERIENCE...?

OH, IT'S VERY REAL. THIS HOMICIDE'S SENSITIVE. BEYOND SENSITIVE--IT'S A NUCLEAR FUCKING HEADACHE.
YOU'RE THE MAN FOR THIS JOB, HOLDEN. BOTTOM LINE.

WHATEVER SHITSTORM'S BREWING ACROSS THE POND, I DON'T WANT IT SPREADING HERE. WE'VE GOT AN AMERICAN--KENNETH FITZPATRICK--LYING DEAD IN A GUTTER. IN COMPROMISING CIRCUMSTANCES.
AND HIS GRANDFATHER ISN'T JUST THE BIGGEST MEDIA MOGUL ON THE PLANET, THADDEUS FITZPATRICK IS A STRONG DONOR TO OUR CURRENT ADMINISTRATION. VERY STRONG.

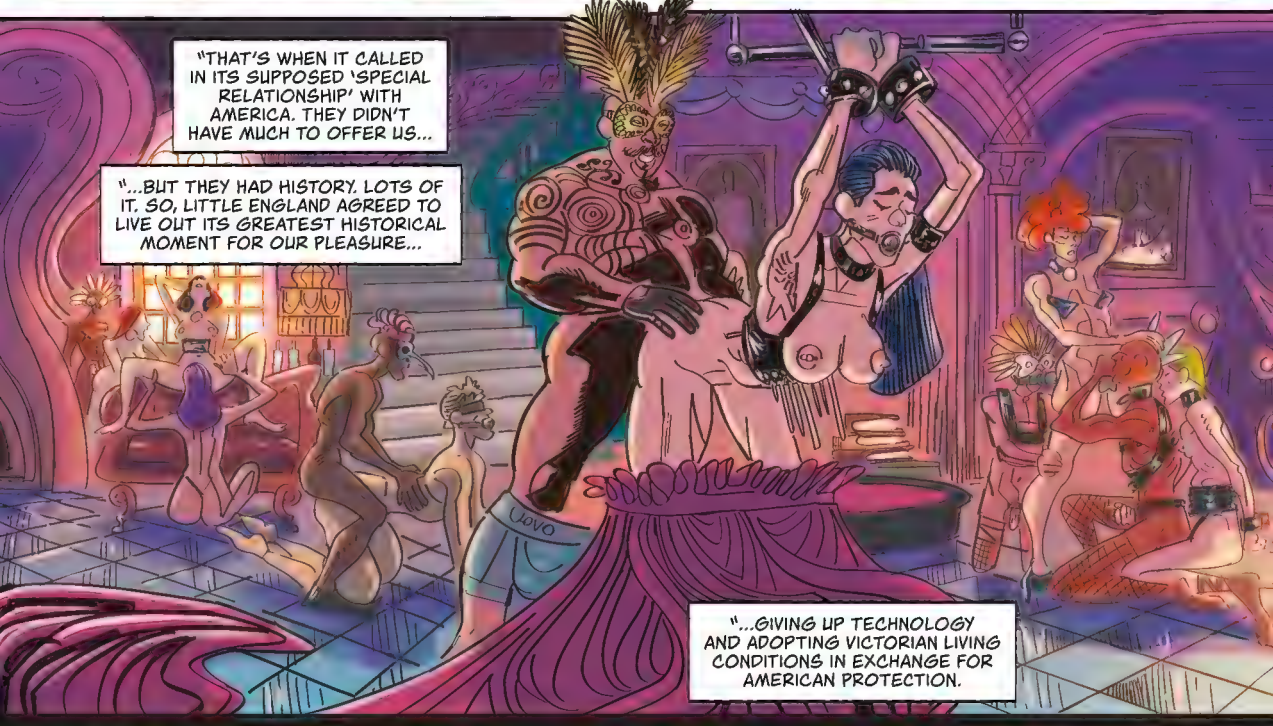
THE METROPOLITAN POLICE FORCE OF LONDON IS WORSE THAN USELESS. I NEED SOMEONE I CAN TRUST. SOMEONE WHO CAN GO IN AND CLEAN UP THIS MESS.
I GET IT. YOU WANT ONE OF YOUR OWN THERE. BUT WHY THE HELL WOULD YOU WANT ME--

BECAUSE YOU'LL GET THE JOB DONE.


THIS IS PERFECT FOR YOU, AGENT HOLDEN.
NOT TO MENTION, AFTER THAT MESS WITH YOUR PARTNER...

"...YOU NEED THIS LONDON CASE AS MUCH AS I NEED YOU TO TAKE IT.
"IT WON'T BE EASY. YOU KNOW WHAT ENGLAND'S LIKE. IT'S A TOY TOWN...
"...BUT IT'S STILL AN AMERICAN PROTECTORATE, WHICH MAKES IT OUR TOY TOWN.

"THERE'S NO TECH. NO ELECTRICITY, FOR CHRISSAKES! THAT WAS THE DEAL BACK IN THE DAY.
"WE ALL KNOW THE SCORE, HOLDEN...
"...THE POLITICAL CATASTROPHE OF BREXIT FED THE BREAKUP OF THE FORMER UNITED KINGDOM. WALES, SCOTLAND, AND NORTHERN IRELAND JUMPED SHIP TO REJOIN THE EUROPEAN UNION.
TONY'S SHOES
"ENGLAND WAS LEFT EXPOSED, FINANCIALLY WORTHLESS, AND UNABLE TO DEFEND ITSELF FROM HOSTILE NEIGHBORS-- IT WAS LIKE WOLVES SENSING WEAKNESS IN AN AGING ALPHA.


"THAT'S WHEN IT CALLED IN ITS SUPPOSED 'SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP' WITH AMERICA. THEY DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TO OFFER US...
"...BUT THEY HAD HISTORY. LOTS OF IT. SO, LITTLE ENGLAND AGREED TO LIVE OUT ITS GREATEST HISTORICAL MOMENT FOR OUR PLEASURE...
Uovo
"...GIVING UP TECHNOLOGY AND ADOPTING VICTORIAN LIVING CONDITIONS IN EXCHANGE FOR AMERICAN PROTECTION.

"BECOMING A THEME PARK NATION MAY SOUND LIKE A BUM DEAL, BUT IT IS AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR HOLIDAY DESTINATION.
"AND MAYBE LIVING IN THE PAST'S NOT ALL BAD. HELL, HALF OF OUR COAST'S BEEN INVADED BY THE GARBAGE PATCH. THAT'S PROGRESS FOR YOU...

"BUT THIS ISN'T A HISTORY LESSON, IT'S IMPORTANT CONTEXT FOR WHAT YOU'RE WALKING INTO. SURE...
"...THE ENGLISH POLICE FORCE IS USELESS, BUT YOU NEED TO AT LEAST PRETEND TO INVOLVE THEM. PLAY NICE, HOLDEN.
"THEY MAY BE OUR WHORES-- BUT BUY THEM FLOWERS. WINE AND DINE THEM, GOT IT?"

YOU KNOW... MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING TO THIS.
MAYBE GOD DID SMILE AND BUILD THIS CASE JUST FOR ME. ENGLAND'S SPENT A CENTURY AS A CHEAP IMITATION OF ITSELF.
IT ONLY SURVIVED A DISASTER OF ITS OWN MAKING BY BECOMING A VERSION OF WHAT IT WAS.
A VERSION SOMEONE'S GOT USE FOR. THAT'S ME ALL OVER-- RIGHT, CAIN?
LOSE THE ONE-MAN SHOW, HOLDEN. WE'VE ALL BEEN KNOCKED DOWN AT SOME POINT.
I GOT A BIT MORE THAN KNOCKED DOWN, DEPUTY DIRECTOR. I'M SURPRISED I'M STILL AN AGENT.
THE FINAL JURY'S STILL OUT--BUT THIS IS HOW YOU SHOW US YOU BELONG.
AND IT STARTS WITH THIS TICKET. TONIGHT, YOU CATCH THE HOLE.
ZACK...DON'T BULLSHIT ME. IF THIS IS A RIB, SOME SHIT SANDWICH YOU'RE SERVING AS MY LAST MEAL...
...DON'T EXPECT ME TO SMILE WHEN I EAT IT.
T.Holden
WE'RE NOT FIRING YOU, HOLDEN. WE'RE COUNTING ON YOU. NOW...
...DO YOU WANT A HANDJOB AND A FUCKING LOLLIPOP?

"OR DO YOU WANT TO GET TO WORK?"
SCOTLAND YARD, LONDON.
THE OFFICE OF POLICE COMMISSIONER MELCHIOR LALLY.
THIS IS SERIOUS, FOGG. AN AMERICAN TOURIST DIES ON BRITISH SOIL. IT'S A TRAGEDY, NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT.
IT'S ALSO A DISASTER FOR THE WHOLE ECONOMY. THEN, OF COURSE, THERE'S WHO THE VICTIM WAS...
THE SCION OF THE FITZPATRICK MEDIA EMPIRE AND A REGULAR VISITOR TO THESE SHORES.
IF WE DON'T GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS--AND FAST--IT HAS THE POTENTIAL TO BE A POLITICAL FIRESTORM OF BIBLICAL PROPORTIONS.
WE'RE RELYING ON YOU, MAN!
YOU'RE ALWAYS SUGGESTING WAYS THE METROPOLITAN POLICE FORCE CAN IMPROVE, HOW IT CAN--HOW DID YOU SO QUAINTLY PUT IT--SERVE THE PEOPLE?
AND WHEN I DID, I SEEM TO RECALL YOU REMINDED ME THAT WE'RE LAW ENFORCERS... NOT BUTLERS.
YES, WELL--UPON REFLECTION I'VE DECIDED THAT PERHAPS THIS HIGHLY IRREGULAR CRIME DEMANDS AN EQUALLY IRREGULAR APPROACH.
SO, HERE IT IS--YOUR BIG CHANCE TO SHOW US WHAT YOU CAN DO. I HAVE EVERY FAITH IN YOU, DETECTIVE FOGG. DO NOT DISAPPOINT ME.

The Hole.
A bullet train direct from the USA to England in under eight hours, beneath the cold depths of the Atlantic.
THE HOLE
A modern miracle.
BANK
BANK
Even more miraculous? It's a journey centuries into the past.
TAXI
LONDON
The sounds. The smells. It's another time reborn!
HOLDEN! MASTER JESSE HOLDEN!
OVER HERE!

WELL! I HOPED I'D CATCH YOUR EYE...
...BUT I SUPPOSE IT'S HARD TO COMPETE WITH YOUR FIRST VIEW OF LONDON. THAT SHOWY OLD TART!
COULD I GET SOME ID?
GOOD ONE. YOU WEREN'T HARD TO SPOT, MASTER HOLDEN...YOU'RE CLEARLY NOT LOCAL.
AND MOST TOURISTS MAKE AT LEAST A MEAGER EFFORT TO FIT IN.
PERKINS
KNIFE POLIS
AND YOU ARE...?
OH...WE DON'T HAVE TO BOTHER WITH ALL THE OFFICIAL PROTOCOLS, DO WE? THEY'RE FAR TOO COMPLICATED FOR ME. I'M YOUR HOUSEMAID, LITTLE JEANNIE.
HERE TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE COMFORTABLE-- AND THAT YOU DON'T STICK OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB.
SEEMS I'VE GOT MY WORK CUT OUT FOR ME ON BOTH COUNTS. COME ALONG...
...THE FUMES HERE AT THE HOLE ARE NOTHING LESS THAN BEASTLY ON THE CHEST.
I'D HOPE TO AT LEAST CONVEY YOU TO YOUR FIRST APPOINTMENT SAFELY.

SCOTLAND YARD.
GRAN SCOTLAND YARD
3-5 GREAT SCOTLAND YARD
YOU MUST BE AGENT JESSE HOLDEN. I'M DETECTIVE EDWIN FOGG.
YOU'RE WHAT PASSES FOR A COP IN THIS VAUDEVILLE HELL?
CUTE, FOGG. REAL CUTE.
3-5 GREAT SCOTLAND YARD
...RIGHT, THEN.
I'D LIKE TO GET YOU OUT OF THOSE CLOTHES AT THE SOONEST OPPORTUNITY...
WELL HOLD ON, I DON'T--
I'D RECOMMEND SOME SARTORIAL CAMOUFLAGE IF YOU'RE TO DO YOUR WORK HERE EFFECTIVELY.
AND YOU DO INTEND TO BE EFFECTIVE, I ASSUME?

I DON'T INTEND ANYTHING, DUDE. I AM EFFECTIVE. THAT'S HOW WE DO IT IN THE REAL WORLD.
AND I'VE GOT HIGHER PRIORITIES THAN PLAYING DRESS-UP JUST TO FIT IN AT A THEME PARK.
YOU DON'T SEE SECURITY AT DISNEYLAND IN FUCKING MOUSE SUITS, DO YOU? I'M HERE TO WORK, NOT PLEASE TOURISTS.
I'M SURE YOU'LL DO WHATEVER YOU FEEL IS BEST, AGENT HOLDEN.
I'M SIMPLY SUGGESTING THAT BY DRESSING LIKE THE REST OF US, YOU'LL HAVE AN EASIER TIME OF IT.
SHIT!
I LEFT MY DEERSTALKER HAT ON THE TRAIN--MY SHERLOCK HOLMES LOOK IS TOTALLY FUCKED!
OKAY, OKAY! FINE. LET'S GET THIS CLOWN SHOW OVER WITH.
YOU'VE GOT NO SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE, NO DNA TESTING, AND NO BLOOD ANALYSIS--RIGHT?
I DON'T RECOGNIZE THE TERMS, SO YOU MAY ASSUME YOU'RE CORRECT.

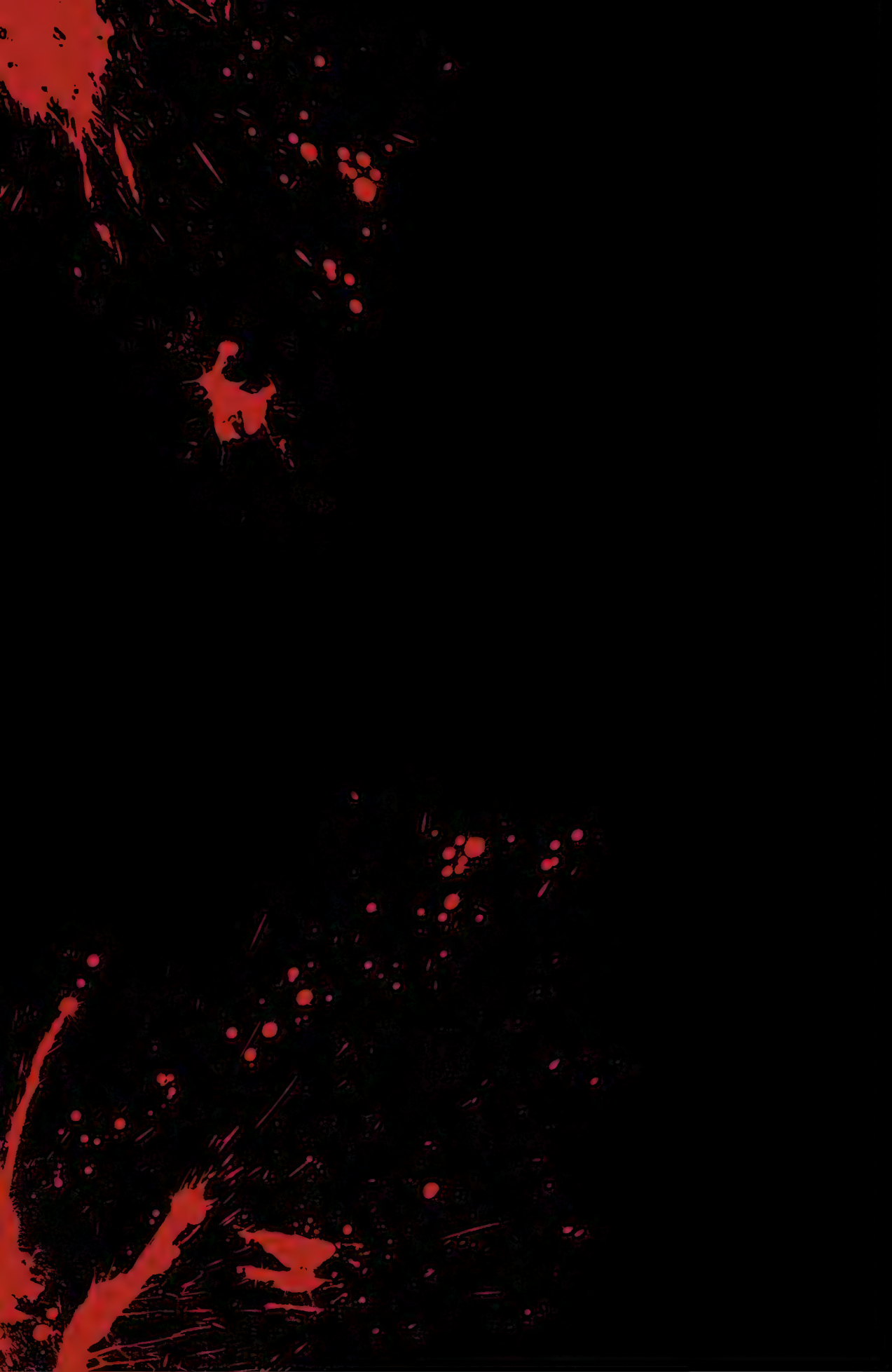
HOW DO YOU EVEN--? LOOK...
...I'VE GOT A FORENSICS TEAM COMING FROM *REALITY*, AND THEY *WON'T* BE IN COSTUME.
SHOW US WHAT WE NEED TO SEE AND TRY NOT TO GET IN THE WAY.
THINK YOU CAN *MANAGE* THAT?
OUR METHODS MAY INDEED BE QUITE DIFFERENT. BACKWARDS, EVEN. AND THERE ARE REASONS--MOSTLY *BAD*--FOR WHY THAT'S THE CASE.
BUT LET ME ASSURE YOU THAT AS LONG AS YOU'RE HERE, I WILL ENDEAVOR TO OFFER YOU WHATEVER ASSISTANCE I CAN, WITHIN THE *LIMITATIONS* YOU'VE...SO HELPFULLY OUTLINED.
I ASSUME IT IS THE PRIORITY OF US BOTH TO *SOLVE* THIS HEINOUS CRIME?

WELL... YEAH, YEAH. OF COURSE. LOOK, FOGG. I...
I JUST WANT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS AS QUICKLY AS I CAN.
QUITE.
WELL, THEN! I'D SAY THE INTRODUCTIONS ARE WELL AND TRULY COMPLETE!
I'LL HAVE DINNER READY FOR YOU LATER, MASTER HOLDEN...
...THAT'S IF YOUR NATURAL CHARM HASN'T GOTTEN YOU EJECTED FROM THIS THEME PARK BY THEN.
I GET IT, I GET IT. OKAY.
PLEASE, FOGG. LEAD THE WAY...

"...LET'S GET A LOOK AT THE VIC."
AGENT HOLDEN, YOU SEEM SOMEWHAT... DISCOMFORTED. AN ALLERGY, PERHAPS?
MAYBE OUR ROUGH ENGLISH FABRICS DISAGREE WITH YOUR SKIN--WOULD YOU LIKE TO STEP OUTSIDE FOR A FEW MOMENTS?
NOT EVEN. IT WAS A LONG TRIP, THAT'S ALL. I'M FINE.
THEN LET'S GET TO WORK.
A TRAGIC END TO THE LIFE OF KENNETH FITZPATRICK, FAVORED SCION OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS FITZPATRICK FAMILY.
SHIT... THEY'RE EVEN FAMOUS IN WONDERLAND, HUH?
OH YES. HIS GRANDFATHER THADDEUS FITZPATRICK OWNS ENGLAND'S LARGEST NEWSPAPER, ALONG WITH COUNTLESS OTHER LOCAL INTERESTS.
THE FITZPATRICKS HAVE A LONG FAMILY HISTORY HERE. DEEP ROOTS, ONE MIGHT SAY...
IN WONDERLAND.

WAIT, FOGG-- IS THAT A PAPER NOTEBOOK...?
WELL, YES. THAT IT IS. YOU'RE QUITE ASTUTE, AGENT HOLDEN.
THE MUTILATIONS ARE VERY SPECIFIC. AND THEN THERE'S THE MATTER OF THE BODY'S LOCATION. LONDON'S EAST END.
THIS IS CLEARLY AS MUCH A PIECE OF THEATER AS IT IS A CRIME.
HELL OF A PLAY. LOOK AT THE KID. THE VIOLENCE OF THE ATTACK...A MANIAC DID THIS. REAL WHACKJOB.
PERHAPS...BUT THAT SAME VIOLENCE HAS BEEN CAREFULLY CRAFTED. YOUR "WHACKJOB" KNOWS THEIR HISTORY.
THE KILLING APPEARS TO BE AN HOMAGE TO THE WORK OF THE EAST END'S MOST NOTORIOUS SON.
JACK THE RIPPER.
KNIFE
BODY
A COPYCAT...
QUITE.
BUT TO WHAT END?
THESE WOUNDS MAY APPEAR FRENZIED--BUT THEY'RE METICULOUS. SUCH ACCURACY...
...PARTICULARLY THE REMOVAL OF THE LIVER AND INTESTINES, INDICATES A PROFESSIONAL KNOWLEDGE OF ANATOMY.
THE KILL'S TOO HIGH PROFILE TO BE RANDOM. MONEY. POWER. PEOPLE LIKE THE FITZPATRICKS ALWAYS HAVE ENEMIES...

...YOU THINK THIS WAS PAYBACK OR SOMETHING? MAYBE A MESSAGE?
WE'LL NEED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT POOR KENNETH--WHO WERE HIS ASSOCIATES? WHY WAS HE IN LONDON?
FUCKING CHRIST! IS THAT REALLY NECESSARY?
TIME WILL TELL. I THINK I HAVE SOMETHING HERE...
A ROLL OF FABRIC, LODGED IN THE LOWER ABDOMEN BETWEEN THE BLADDER AND THE RECTUM...
THE EUROPEAN FLAG.



THE FITZPATRICK BUILDING, LOS ANGELES.
"HOW KIND OF YOU TO COME AND SEE ME, DIRECTOR CAIN. I KNOW HOW BUSY YOUR SCHEDULE GETS..."
POLICE
OF COURSE, MR. FITZPATRICK, SIR. I WANTED TO TELL YOU IN PERSON. WE'VE GOT OUR BEST MAN IN LONDON AS WE SPEAK.
WE'RE GRATEFUL FOR THE SUPPORT YOU'VE GIVEN THE FBI OVER THE YEARS. I WANT YOU TO KNOW WE'RE BEHIND YOU ON THIS-- ONE HUNDRED PERCENT.
MY DEAR DIRECTOR CAIN-- I'M SO PLEASED TO HEAR THAT. IN TIMES OF TURMOIL, A MAN NEEDS HIS FRIENDS AROUND HIM.
LITTLE KENNY WAS MY GREATEST HOPE FOR THE FUTURE...
NOW MY GRANDSON LIES DEAD, BUTCHERED IN SOME FILTHY ALLEY, AND SO MANY OF MY DREAMS WITH HIM.
WE MUST STEEL OURSELVES FOR WHAT IS TO COME. ONE THING IS CERTAIN, THOUGH...

...MORE BLOOD WILL FLOW!

LONDON.
I HEARD IT WAS A PROPER GRUESOME SPECTACLE, A REAL HORROR SHOW!
LOOKS IT, FROM THE BLOOD-STAINS.
SO... THESE YANKS BLEED, JUST LIKE US.
YOU'RE TERRIBLE, YOU ARE!
OOOH--IS THAT A SCRAP OF THE POOR VICTIM OVER THERE...?
OKAY, OKAY! ENOUGH OF THE FREE SHOW, PEOPLE! CLEAR OUT!

THIS IS A CRIME SCENE, NOT A DAMN CARNIVAL!
8

FBI
FBI
FBI
5

TO SAY THE AREA'S BEEN COMPROMISED IS AN UNDERSTATEMENT. THIS IS MORE LIKE ARCHAEOLOGY THAN FORENSICS.
2
7
5
3
I'VE IDENTIFIED A FEW DISEASES THAT WE'D CONSIDERED ERADICATED IN THE MODERN WORLD--BUT THERE'S NOTHING USEFUL HERE AS FAR AS THE KILLER GOES.
GREAT. SO THAT'S NO EVIDENCE ON THE BODY OR AT THE MURDER SCENE. WE GOT NOTHING!
THE FACT THAT THERE'S NOTHING YOUR SCIENCE CAN IDENTIFY MAY ITSELF BE SIGNIFICANT EVIDENCE.
THIS LOCATION--IT'S NOT ONE OF THE SITES OF THE RIPPER KILLINGS, BUT IT'S IN EAST LONDON, NEAR WHITECHAPEL...LIKE THEY ALL WERE.
THEN THERE'S THE CORPSE ITSELF. THE WOUNDS DO NOT IMITATE ANY SINGLE KILLING--BUT I BELIEVE THEY IMITATE ALL OF THEM.

A DISAPPOINTING SHOW BY YOUR SO-CALLED "EXPERTS," EH, HOLDEN? IT SEEMS THIS CASE IS GOING TO COME DOWN TO GOOD OLD-FASHIONED POLICE WORK.
A DANGEROUS MANIAC ON THE LOOSE...OR A EUROPEAN TERRORIST ATTACK, USING THE BODIES OF OUR ALLIES AS FODDER?
AS THE SON OF A BUTCHER MYSELF, I HAVE TO ADMIRE THE PRECISION OF THE JOB--THIS CAN ONLY BE THE WORK OF SOMEONE WITH KNOWLEDGE OF ANATOMY. A VERY DANGEROUS CUSTOMER INDEED.
UNTIL THIS CASE IS SOLVED, EVERYONE ON THE STREETS OF LONDON IS IN MORTAL DANGER!
A MESSAGE HAS BEEN WRITTEN ON THE BODY OF THE UNFORTUNATE KENNETH FITZPATRICK, IF ONLY WE COULD UNDERSTAND IT.
THE FACT THAT THERE'S AN ELEMENT OF EVERY ONE OF THE SO-CALLED CANONICAL FIVE MURDERS ASCRIBED TO JACK THE RIPPER PRESENT HERE LEADS ME TO BELIEVE THERE WILL BE NO MORE KILLINGS. THE EUROPEAN FLAG SEEMS TOO OBVIOUS--PERHAPS IT'S A WAY TO DIVERT BLAME.
THE TUNNELLERS HAVE NEVER USED VIOLENCE IN THE PAST. WHY START NOW? WE SHOULD KEEP THAT DETAIL TOP SECRET, FOR THE MOMENT. WE CANNOT ALLOW A CITYWIDE PANIC, COMMISSIONER LALLY.
YES, WELL I'M SURE WE'D ALL LIKE TO SHARE YOUR CONVICTION THAT THIS IS SIMPLY A PUZZLE FOR US TO SOLVE--BUT I DO HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TO KEEP THE PEOPLE OF LONDON SAFE.
I AGREE WITH DEPUTY COMMISSIONER PEEL'S OPINION THAT THIS MAY IN FACT ONLY BE THE FIRST OF MANY DEATHS.
I'M DEPLOYING OUR MEN IMMEDIATELY TO MONITOR THE EAST END FOR SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS. WE CAN'T ALLOW ANOTHER KILLING TO HAPPEN ON OUR WATCH.

COULD I GET A MOCHA LATTE--WITH OAT MILK? I THINK I'M GOING THROUGH CAFFEINE *WITHDRAWAL...*
I, LIKE, *REALLY* NEED MY PHONE. MY FOLLOWERS MUST BE DYING TO KNOW HOW I'M DOING!
I WANT A LAWYER. AND A BUBBLE BATH. IN THAT *ORDER.* I KNOW MY RIGHTS!
QUITE. I'M SORRY TO INFORM YOU THAT YOU ARE NOW UNDER ENGLISH JURISDICTION. THERE WILL BE NO DEVICES. OR LAWYERS.
OR *BUBBLE BATHS.*
OPEN YOUR EYES, FELLAS--DOES THIS LOOK LIKE THE FOUR FUCKING SEASONS TO YOU?! YOU'VE SASHAYED RIGHT INTO THE MIDDLE OF AN *INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT.*
AND IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BECOME *PERMANENT* CITIZENS, YOU'LL TELL US EVERYTHING YOU REMEMBER ABOUT THAT NIGHT--YOU'RE THE LAST PEOPLE TO SEE KENNETH *ALIVE.* WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN WHITECHAPEL?
WE DIDN'T DO *ANYTHING!* WE WERE JUST TRYING TO HAVE SOME FUN IN THIS FILTHY DUMP! DO YOU KNOW HOW *HARD* THAT IS WITHOUT TECH?! NO OFFENSE...
QUITE.
KENNY WAS INTO JACK THE RIPPER--SAID HE *ALWAYS* VISITED THE LOCAL DIVES WHEN HE'S IN TOWN.
A *PILGRIMAGE,* OF SORTS.

THE FITZPATRICKS HAVE A LONG HISTORY IN THE EAST END. KENNETH TOLD US THE FAMILY IMMIGRATED HERE AFTER THE IRISH POTATO BLIGHT, WAY BACK IN THE VICTORIAN ERA. THE, UH, REAL ONE...
HE DIDN'T CONSIDER HIMSELF JUST A TOURIST. HE EVEN HAD LOCAL FRIENDS. WHO WAS THAT SHOWGIRL WE MET? OPHELIA DICKSON--?
OPHELIA COCKLE, THAT'S RIGHT. PERFORMS OVER AT THE WHITECHAPEL PALLADIUM.
SPEAKING OF LOCAL FRIENDS-- LAST WE SAW KEN, HE WAS WITH ONE OF YOUR SHOESHINE GUYS. A REAL THIRSTY ONE, TOO!
THAT'S RIGHT! WE WEREN'T THE LAST ONES TO SEE KENNETH ALIVE-- HE WAS!
BLOND, SLIM, FACE LIKE AN ANGEL--
ACCENT OUT OF THE TRASH. I COULD BARELY UNDERSTAND WHAT HE SAID. BUT WE ALL KNEW WHAT HE MEANT.
CONGRATULATIONS, GENTLEMEN--YOU STOPPED WORRYING ABOUT YOUR OWN SKINS LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE US SOMETHING TO GO ON.
THIS SHOESHINE BOY'S AN UNLIKELY SUSPECT, BUT HE'S A USEFUL WITNESS.
I'LL NEED YOU TO WORK ALONGSIDE ONE OF OUR CRIMINAL PORTRAITISTS TO CREATE AN IDENTIKIT WE CAN SHARE WITH THE PUBLIC.
YOU'LL BE RELEASED FROM THE CELLS--BUT ARE REQUIRED TO STAY IN LONDON UNTIL WE HAVE NO FURTHER NEED OF YOU.
TRY NOT TO RUN INTO ANY OTHER BOTHER.

MARGATE, ENGLAND'S SOUTHEAST COAST.
NOW OPEN
JACK'S BACK LONDON RIPPER RETURNS
STEP RIGHT UP, STEP RIGHT UP! LARKS BEYOND YOUR WILDEST IMAGININGS, FOR JUST A SMALL DONATION. IT'S YOUR HOLIDAY--TREAT YOURSELF!
OUR VOICES WILL LIFT YOUR HEARTS WAY UP INTO THE BIG BLUE SKY. ALL THE FUN OF THE MUSICAL HALL, RIGHT HERE ON THE BEACH!
JACK'S BACK LONDON RIPPER RETURNS
FORGET ALL YOUR CARES...FOR ONLY A FEW PENNIES!
MAYBE THIS WILL HELP GET THE SHOW ON THE ROAD.
YOU!

I...JUST NEED TO GO RELIEVE MYSELF. WON'T BE LONG.
YOU'RE NOT A CHILD ANYMORE, ARCHIE. YOU SHOULD HAVE GONE BEFORE. HURRY BACK!
HOW DID YOU FIND ME HERE?
I KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU, ARCHIE. WHEN I SAW THE NEWS, I WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU WERE OKAY.
THE DEAL WAS FOR ME TO DISTRACT THE AMERICAN. I DIDN'T KNOW NOTHING ABOUT NO MURDER...
I DON'T WANT TO TANGLE WITH THE POLICE!
WE HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT UNFORTUNATE BUSINESS--IT WAS CLEARLY THE WORK OF A DERANGED MANIAC.
BUT TO AVOID ANY UNNECESSARY BOTHER, YOUR CONTINUED SILENCE ON THE MATTER IS MUCH APPRECIATED. MEET ME HERE TONIGHT FOR DOUBLE THE FEE I PAID YOU. AS A SHOW OF MY GRATITUDE.
A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU, SIR. YOU CAN RELY ON ME!

"SO MUCH FOR KEEPING A LID ON THE EUROPEAN FLAG FOUND ON THE BODY--IT'S ALL OVER THE NEWS..."
THAT'S NOT GOING TO DO ANYTHING TO IMPROVE OUR RELATIONSHIP WITH THE REST OF EUROPE.
HERE'S A STORY ABOUT YOUNG KENNETH FITZPATRICK TRAWLING THE FLESHPOTS OF LONDON, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE IMPOVERISHED ENGLISH--
AND THIS ONE CLAIMS HIS VISITS TO LONDON WERE TO FEED A RAGING OPIUM HABIT. NOW WHY WOULD GRANDPA FITZPATRICK ALLOW THIS KIND OF CRAP ON HIS NEWS FEEDS?
YOUR DEVICE IS REMARKABLE--WORDS FLOW THROUGH IT AS ETHEREALLY AS ECTOPLASM.
WHAT'S REMARKABLE IS HOW QUICKLY THE INVESTIGATION SPRANG A LEAK. WE NEED TO PLAY OUR CARDS CLOSER TO OUR CHESTS.
I DO HOPE WE WON'T HAVE THE NEED FOR THE LIKES OF THAT MONSTROSITY.
THAT'S THE DREAM. BUT JUST IN CASE--YOU WANT TO LEARN HOW TO USE ONE OF THESE HOG LEGS?
THIS ISN'T THE WILD WEST, AGENT HOLDEN. WE DON'T FIND IT NECESSARY TO CARRY GUNS HERE.

I'VE SHOT ALL MANNER OF PISTOLS, OF COURSE. I DOUBT THIS IS SO VERY DIFFERENT, HOLDEN.
JESSE. CALL ME JESSE. NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH JESSE JAMES. I DON'T HAVE A HORSE. OR A HAT.
AND EDWIN-- IF I CAN CALL YOU THAT--SHOOTING THIS IS ABOUT AS SIMILAR TO SHOOTING A PISTOL AS A TELEGRAM IS TO MY PHONE. COME ON, TRY IT.
I LIKE TO THINK OF MYSELF AS OPEN TO ALL MANNER OF EXPERIENCES...
NO MATTER HOW OUTLANDISH THEY MAY AT FIRST APPEAR.
WELL, GET READY. THIS THING'S GOT A HELL OF A KICK.

DON'T ANTICIPATE THE SHOT AND TENSE YOUR BODY...
LOOSEN UP. LEAN AGAINST ME, FEEL HOW I'M DOING IT.
THERE YOU GO... JUST RELAX INTO IT.
YOU'VE GOT THIS. YOU ALREADY TOOK THE SHOT. YOU'VE ALREADY HIT YOUR TARGET.
NOW SQUEEZE--

BRRRAAAWWW!!!!!
WHAT ON EARTH--?!
DON'T WORRY. EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL. IT'S, UH--THIS IS OFFICIAL POLICE BUSINESS.
MY MOST PROFOUND APOLOGIES.
WELL, THEN--I'LL LEAVE YOU TO GET ON WITH YOUR...POLICE BUSINESS.
I DO EXPECT SWIFT COMPENSATION FOR PERFORMING IT INDOORS, MIND YOU!
NICE SHOT.

HOURS LATER.
SO, THERE'S THE MESSAGING OF THE MURDER--IT'S THE TRICENTENNIAL OF THE RIPPER KILLINGS. IT ALSO CAN'T BE A COINCIDENCE THAT THE FITZPATRICKS HAVE A FAMILY CONNECTION TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD WHERE THEY HAPPENED.
KENNETH FITZPATRICK WAS KNOWN TO VISIT THE AREA WHEN IN TOWN, SO THE KILLER COULD EASILY HAVE PLANNED TO INTERCEPT HIM THERE.
SORRY-- AM I BORING YOU?
NO, YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT. BUT THE WHY OF IT ALL, THAT'S THE REAL PUZZLE.
THE EUROPEAN FLAG INSTANTLY POINTS TO THE TUNNELLERS AND IMPLIES THE KILLING IS A POLITICAL ACT--AFTER ALL, THADDEUS FITZPATRICK IS FAMOUSLY IN FAVOR OF ENGLAND REMAINING OUTSIDE OF THE EUROPEAN UNION AS AN AMERICAN PROTECTORATE. AND YET...
THERE ARE MANY OTHERS WHO WOULD BENEFIT FROM THIS KIND OF MISDIRECTION. THE RISE, ALBION! GROUP CALLS FOR AN INDEPENDENT ENGLAND, WITH NO TIES TO AMERICA OR EUROPE.
AND THEY ADVOCATE VIOLENCE TO ACHIEVE THEIR GOAL.
THE PROBLEM IS THAT WE HAVE RATHER TOO MANY SUSPECTS. AND VERY LITTLE EVIDENCE TO NARROW THEM DOWN.

PERHAPS SOMETHING ELSE HAS COME UP. CAN I USE YOUR PHONE TO RING THE STATION?
THAT'S A PHONE?
OR...WAS THE MURDER STAGED BY SOMEONE HOPING TO THROW SUSPICION ON BOTH OF THESE GROUPS AS A WAY OF WHIPPING UP PUBLIC SUPPORT FOR THE STATUS QUO?
OR PERHAPS SOMETHING ENTIRELY APOLITICAL--A REVENGE KILLING TO PUNISH THADDEUS FITZPATRICK FOR--OH, HULLO. DETECTIVE FOGG FOR DEPUTY COMMISSIONER PEEL, IF YOU PLEASE.
QUITE. I UNDERSTAND.
BLAST IT! PEEL'S AWAY--HE PROBABLY DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING NEW FOR US ANYWAY.
I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU--I COULD USE SOMETHING TO TAKE MY MIND OFF THIS DAMNABLE CASE!
AH!
AND I HAVE JUST THE THING FOR IT--WE'LL TAKE IN A SHOW!
SNAP!

THE WHITECHAPEL PALLADIUM.
OKAY, I ADMIT IT--I'M IMPRESSED.
THEY DON'T DO FUN LIKE THIS BACK HOME.

SSSH! THAT'S HER--OPHELIA COCKLE.
UNCLE SAM, HE AIN'T ALL BAD. GOT THE BIGGEST ROCKET I EVER HAD!
GOD'S OWN TRUTH, I TELL NO LIE.
SMACK
SHOW HER YOUR ROCKET, SAM!
UP, UP, AND AWAY. EXPLODES SO HIGH! STARS AND STRIPES ACROSS THE SKY!
JESSE! WE ARE AT WORK, TECHNICALLY.
THIS WAS YOUR IDEA, ED-- LIVE IN THE MOMENT!

SKY-BLUE EYES, AND CLOUDS OF JISM--
AND YOU DO UNDERSTAND THAT THIS IS A CRITICISM, NOT A CELEBRATION, OF YOUR GREAT NATION, DON'T YOU?
DON'T BE A BAD SPORT, EDDIE. LIGHTEN UP AND ENJOY THE SHOW!
BEST KEEP SMILING OR IT'S OFF TO PRISON!
I TELL YOU, UNCLE SAM, HE AIN'T SO BAD.
YEEEHAW! SHOW THAT LIMEY WHO'S BOSS!
GOT THE BIGGEST ROCKET I EVER HAD!

HARD AS STEEL AND TWICE AS NICE, I ONLY HOPE IT'S WORTH THE PRICE!

COME, COME, JESSE. DON'T BE A BAD SPORT.
IT'S PERFECTLY FINE TO ADMIT YOUR AMUSEMENT! ONE MIGHT EVEN CALL IT NATURAL.
OKAY, OKAY. I SUPPOSE I COULD DEVELOP A TASTE FOR CREAM PIES.
RIGHT! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET OUR LITTLE SONGBIRD TO SING FOR A PRIVATE AUDIENCE.

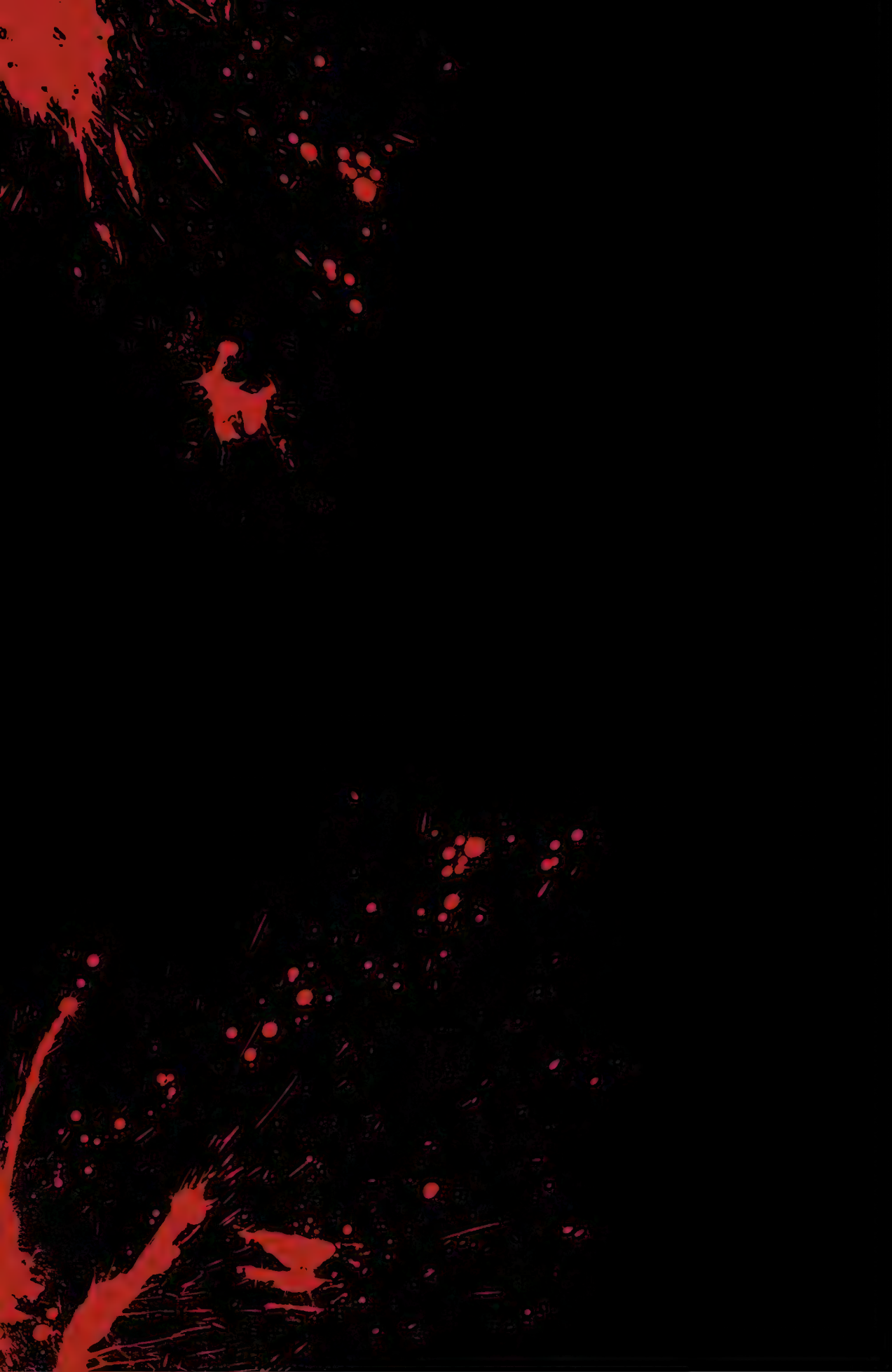
...SO, REALLY, WE DON'T HAVE MUCH MORE THAN WHAT YOU'VE READ IN THE PAPERS. THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE TO TALK TO YOU, OPHELIA.
FORGIVE ME FOR PRYING, BUT IS THERE ANYTHING YOU CAN TELL ME ABOUT THE LATE KENNETH FITZPATRICK THAT MAY ASSIST US?
EVERYONE SAW KENNY AS NOTHING BUT AN UNCOUTH, VAPID, OVERBEARING AMERICAN, BUT I...
WELL, I HAD TO AGREE, ACTUALLY.
BUT I RATHER ENJOYED THOSE QUALITIES. THEY WERE A PERFORMANCE, REALLY, A BLUFF TO HIDE A KIND HEART. HE WAS A MAN OF REAL... INTEGRITY.
GOD KNOWS HOW HE CAME BY THAT QUALITY IN THE FAMILY HE WAS BORN INTO.
I'M SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS.
I APPRECIATE THAT, DETECTIVE FOGG. HIS MOTHER KILLED HERSELF WHEN HE WAS ONLY A TODDLER. IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO ESCAPE THE CONTROL OF HER FATHER, THADDEUS.
KENNY NEVER KNEW WHO HIS FATHER WAS.

AND YET, THROUGH ALL OF IT, HE REMAINED AN OPTIMIST. HEROIC IS WHAT THAT IS.
HE WAS DETERMINED TO USE HIS POWER FOR GOOD.
AND NOW HIS LIFE IS OVER. WHEN I THINK OF WHAT HE COULD HAVE ACCOMPLISHED--IT'S A TRAGIC WASTE.
EXCUSE ME FOR INTRUDING ON YOUR GRIEF, BUT WE NEED TO KNOW--DO YOU THINK THIS WAS A POLITICAL ASSASSINATION?
KENNETH FITZPATRICK WAS SYMPATHETIC TO THE TUNNELLERS AND THEIR ASPIRATION FOR ENGLAND TO REJOIN ITS FELLOW EUROPEAN NATIONS. THERE'S NO WAY THEY DID THIS.
IF THIS WAS A POLITICAL ASSASSINATION, YOU NEED TO LOOK AT THE FITZPATRICK FAMILY AND THEIR ENEMIES.

WHO'S THAT BOY? RIPPER KILLING WITNESS
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
LONDON IN THE GRIP OF BLOODTHIRSTY MANIAC! READ ALL ABOUT IT!

NEW LEAD IN THE RIPPER CASE! HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?
THANK YOU KINDLY, SIR. JUST AS WELL WE AIN'T IN LONDON, EH?
QUITE SO.

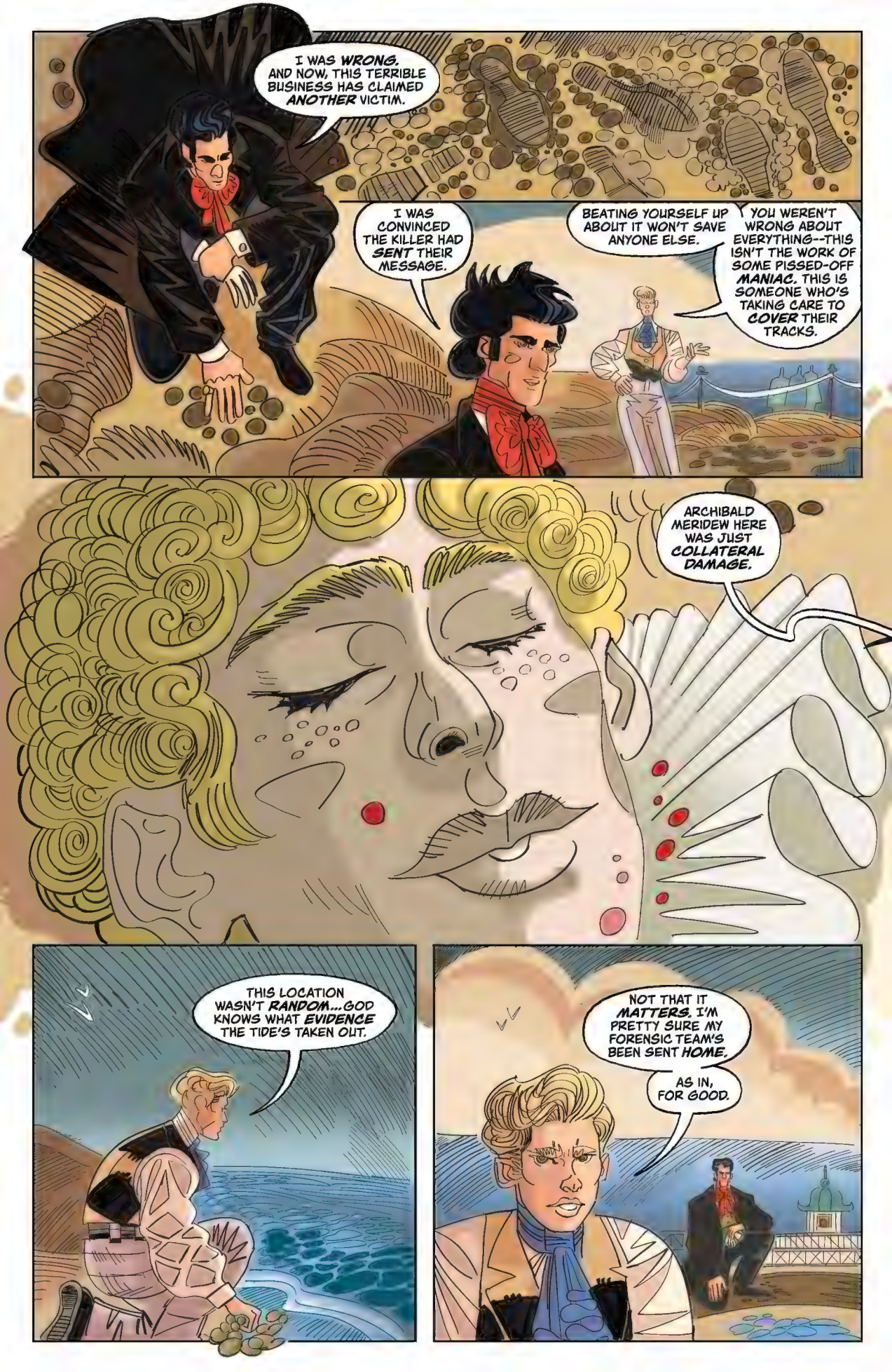
OLIVER



WELL, WE FOUND HIM.

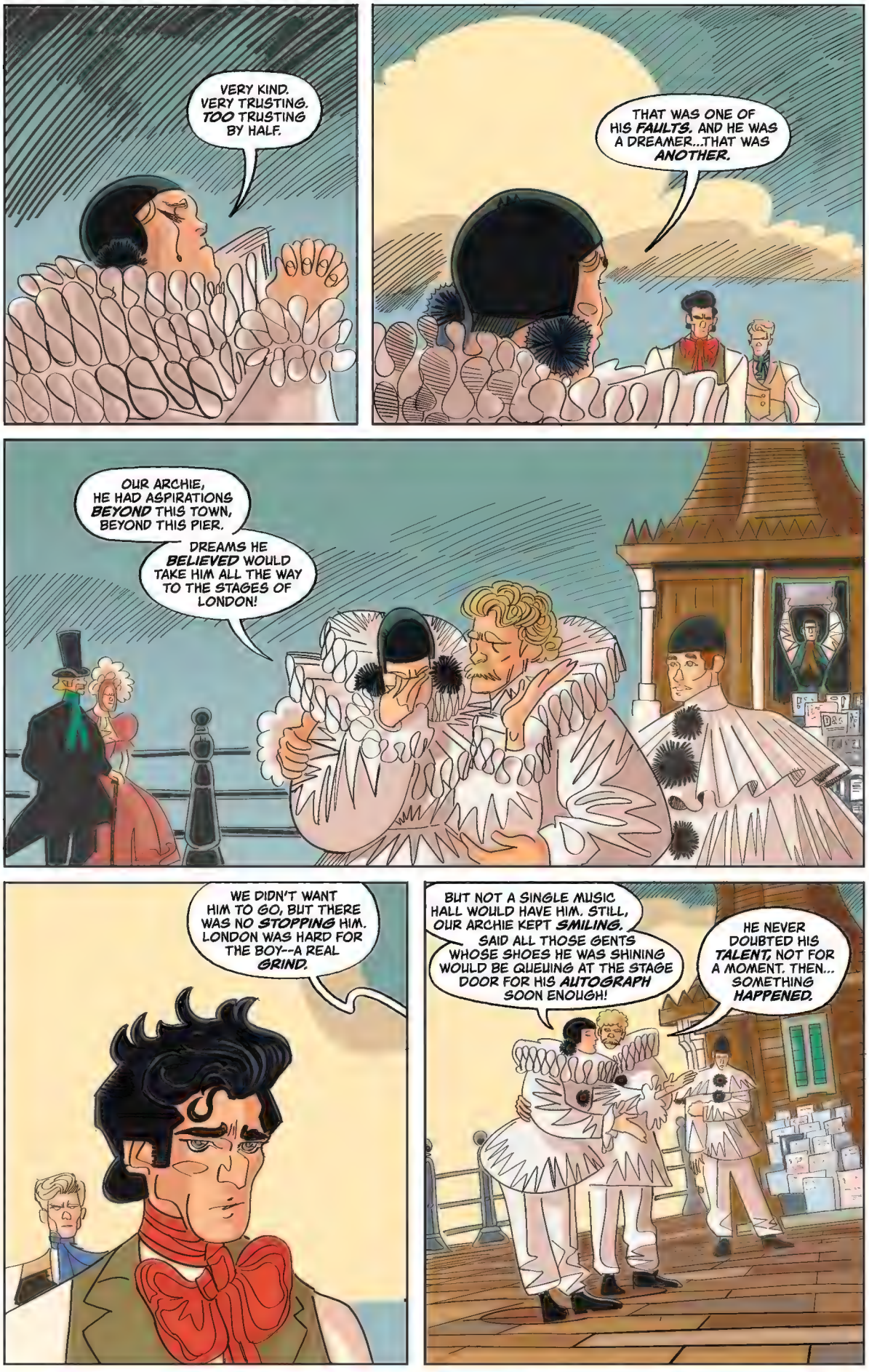
THIS ARTFULLY PLACED CORN DOLLY WOULD SEEM TO POINT TO THE *RISE, ALBION!* LIBERATION GROUP...
...DIRECTLY *CONTRADICTING* THE EVIDENCE WE FOUND ON THE OTHER BODY, HOLDEN. THESE PEOPLE WOULD *NEVER* ACT IN CONCERT WITH THE TUNNELLERS-- THEY *ABHOR* A RETURN TO THE EUROPEAN UNION AS MUCH AS THEY DO AMERICAN *INTERVENTION.*

NICE, FOGG. AND IT'S THE ONLY EVIDENCE WE'LL GET *HERE.* THIS CRIME SCENE'S HAD AS MANY VISITORS AS THE JETTY.

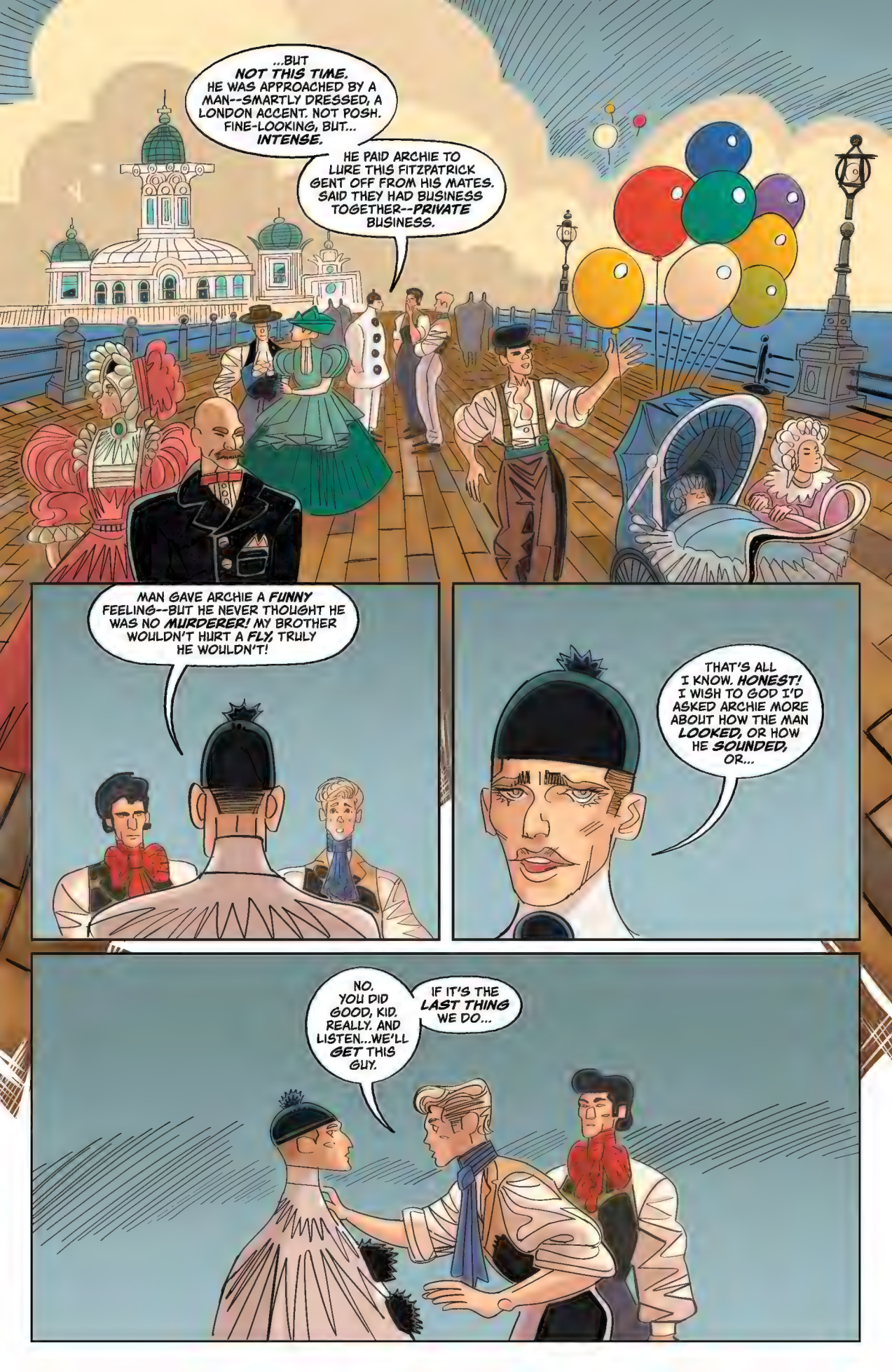

I WAS WRONG. AND NOW, THIS TERRIBLE BUSINESS HAS CLAIMED ANOTHER VICTIM.
I WAS CONVINCED THE KILLER HAD SENT THEIR MESSAGE.
BEATING YOURSELF UP ABOUT IT WON'T SAVE ANYONE ELSE.
YOU WEREN'T WRONG ABOUT EVERYTHING--THIS ISN'T THE WORK OF SOME PISSED-OFF MANIAC. THIS IS SOMEONE WHO'S TAKING CARE TO COVER THEIR TRACKS.
ARCHIBALD MERIDEW HERE WAS JUST COLLATERAL DAMAGE.
THIS LOCATION WASN'T RANDOM... GOD KNOWS WHAT EVIDENCE THE TIDE'S TAKEN OUT.
NOT THAT IT MATTERS. I'M PRETTY SURE MY FORENSIC TEAM'S BEEN SENT HOME.
AS IN, FOR GOOD.

MY REQUEST FOR FURTHER ASSISTANCE WAS DENIED--HARD. IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!
WHOOSH
IT'S LIKE THEY EXPECT ME TO SOLVE THIS WITH ONE FOOT STUCK TWO CENTURIES IN THE PAST!
FIRST, THEY SAY THIS CASE IS A TOP PRIORITY FOR THE FBI...THEN, THEY GHOST ME?!
WHAT THE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THIS?
STEADY ON, JESSE. IT'S UNFORTUNATE YOUR COLLEAGUES HAVE RETURNED TO AMERICA--BUT I DARESAY NOT FATAL FOR OUR INVESTIGATION.
AFTER ALL, THEY WERE UNABLE TO WRING A SINGLE CLUE FROM THE LAST BODY.
WE CAN'T LOSE HOPE NOW.
PERHAPS SOMETHING MIGHT BE GLEANED...

"...FROM A WORD WITH THE FAMILY."
WE REGRET INTRUDING ON YOUR GRIEF, BUT WE'RE DETERMINED TO FIND OUT WHO DID THIS TO YOUR SON.
THAT IS OUR ONLY DESIRE--TO BRING THE CULPRIT TO JUSTICE.
ARCHIE...
...HE WAS A GOOD BOY.

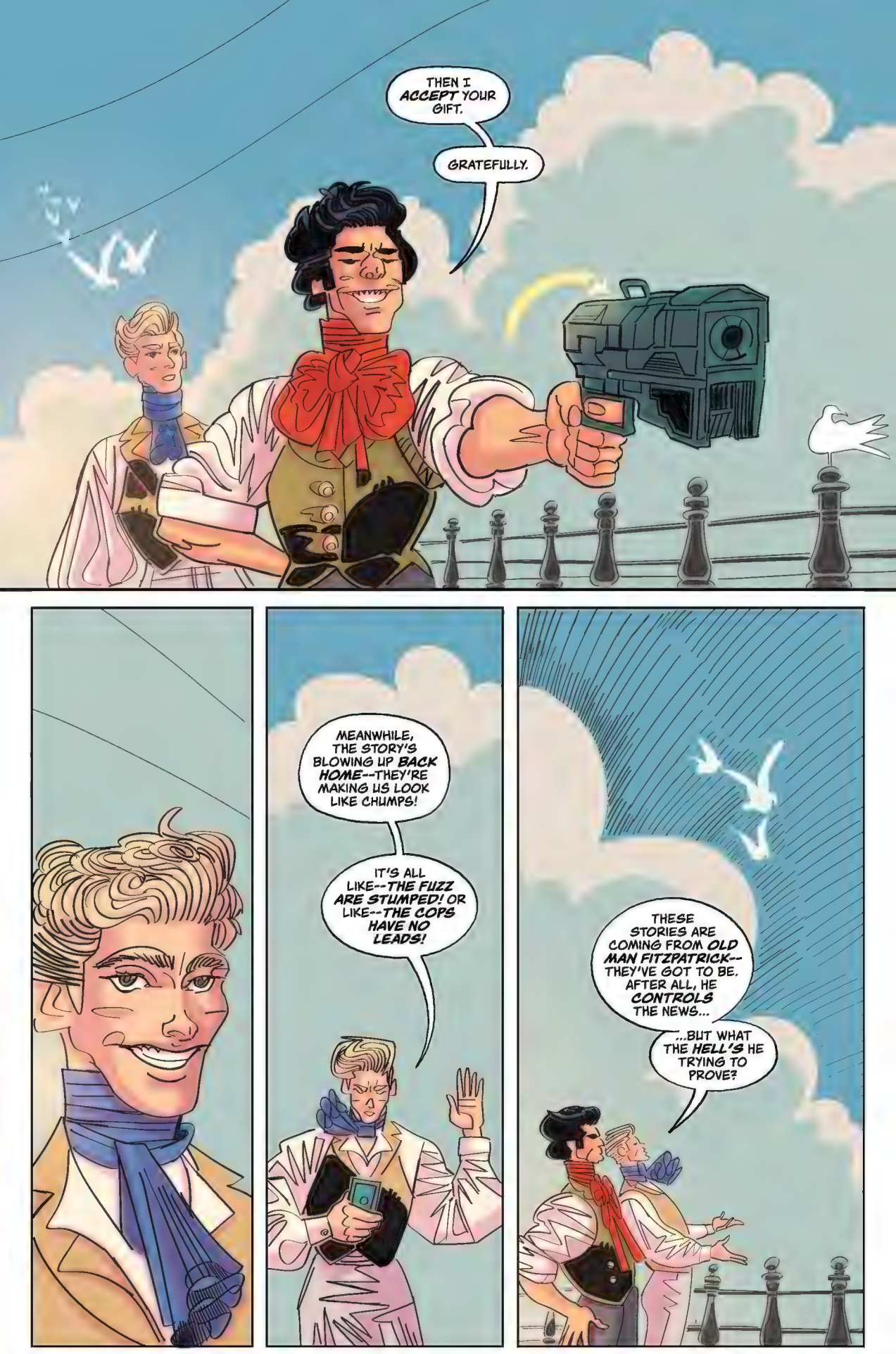

VERY KIND. VERY TRUSTING. TOO TRUSTING BY HALF.
THAT WAS ONE OF HIS FAULTS. AND HE WAS A DREAMER...THAT WAS ANOTHER.
OUR ARCHIE, HE HAD ASPIRATIONS BEYOND THIS TOWN, BEYOND THIS PIER.
DREAMS HE BELIEVED WOULD TAKE HIM ALL THE WAY TO THE STAGES OF LONDON!
WE DIDN'T WANT HIM TO GO, BUT THERE WAS NO STOPPING HIM. LONDON WAS HARD FOR THE BOY--A REAL GRIND.
BUT NOT A SINGLE MUSIC HALL WOULD HAVE HIM. STILL, OUR ARCHIE KEPT SMILING.
SAID ALL THOSE GENTS WHOSE SHOES HE WAS SHINING WOULD BE QUEUING AT THE STAGE DOOR FOR HIS AUTOGRAPH SOON ENOUGH!
HE NEVER DOUBTED HIS TALENT, NOT FOR A MOMENT. THEN... SOMETHING HAPPENED.

SOMETHING? WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT MADE HIM LEAVE LONDON?
THIS WAS FOUND NEAR HIS PERSON. COULD HE HAVE BEEN INVOLVED WITH RISE, ALBION!?
OUR ARCHIE HAD NO INTEREST IN POLITICS. NONE. BUT SOMETHING DID SCARE HIM.
WHO WOULD DO THIS? WHO COULD? WHO'D DO SUCH A THING TO MY BABY?
THEY'RE... NOT BIG ON COPS. SHOWBIZ TYPES NEVER ARE. BUT IT FEELS LIKE THEY WERE BEING STRAIGHT WITH US.
YES, WELL. TRAGEDY HAS A WAY OF LOOSENING THE--
SIRS, I BEG YOUR PARDON.
THERE'S MORE--THINGS I COULDN'T SAY IN FRONT OF MY FOLKS.
I QUITE UNDERSTAND, LAD. YOU'RE RIGHT TO HAVE COME TO US.
ARCHIE WASN'T INVOLVED IN NO LIBERATION ORGANIZATION. NOT HIS STYLE. BUT SOMETIMES HE DID THINGS...WITH GENTLEMEN. TO GET BY, THAT IS.
BUT NOT JUST. HE LIKED MEN. HE DIDN'T MIND, MOSTLY. SAID IT WAS KIND OF AN ADVENTURE...


...BUT NOT THIS TIME. HE WAS APPROACHED BY A MAN--SMARTLY DRESSED, A LONDON ACCENT. NOT POSH. FINE-LOOKING, BUT... INTENSE.
HE PAID ARCHIE TO LURE THIS FITZPATRICK GENT OFF FROM HIS MATES. SAID THEY HAD BUSINESS TOGETHER--PRIVATE BUSINESS.
MAN GAVE ARCHIE A FUNNY FEELING--BUT HE NEVER THOUGHT HE WAS NO MURDERER! MY BROTHER WOULDN'T HURT A FLY, TRULY HE WOULDN'T!
THAT'S ALL I KNOW. HONEST! I WISH TO GOD I'D ASKED ARCHIE MORE ABOUT HOW THE MAN LOOKED, OR HOW HE SOUNDED, OR...
NO, YOU DID GOOD, KID. REALLY. AND LISTEN...WE'LL GET THIS GUY.
IF IT'S THE LAST THING WE DO...

"...WE'LL GET HIM."
GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, ED...
YOUR HUNCH WAS RIGHT--THIS KILLING WAS CAREFULLY PLANNED. VERY CAREFULLY.
MAYBE WE'RE BETTER OFF WITHOUT THE FORENSIC TEAM CRAMPING OUR STYLE.
KILLING OUR VIBE, YOU KNOW?
WE DO SEEM TO BE MAKING GOOD PROGRESS, DON'T WE?
...WITH OR WITHOUT THE ASSISTANCE OF YOUR EAGER SCIENTIST-BLOODHOUNDS.
AND YET...

...THE IDENTITY OF OUR NEMESIS STILL ELUDES US. THE CORN DOLLY--LIKE THE EUROPEAN FLAG--FEELS LIKE MISDIRECTION. A MORSEL TO FEED THE PRESS AND CREATE CONFUSION.
JUST WHO IS THIS SELF-MADE MAN YOUNG ARCHIE WAS UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO ENCOUNTER?
EDWIN.
...YES, JESSE?
THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO GIVE YOU.
SOMETHING I NEED YOU TO HAVE.
JESSE, NO...
I SIMPLY CAN'T ACCEPT THIS.
WHY? BECAUSE IT DISGUSTS YOU? GOOD. DISGUSTS ME TOO, ED.
BUT WE'RE IN THE SHIT HERE. AND I WANT US TO GET THROUGH IT.
BOTH OF US.


THEN I ACCEPT YOUR GIFT.
GRATEFULLY.
MEANWHILE, THE STORY'S BLOWING UP BACK HOME--THEY'RE MAKING US LOOK LIKE CHUMPS!
IT'S ALL LIKE--THE FUZZ ARE STUMPED! OR LIKE--THE COPS HAVE NO LEADS!
THESE STORIES ARE COMING FROM OLD MAN FITZPATRICK--THEY'VE GOT TO BE. AFTER ALL, HE CONTROLS THE NEWS...
...BUT WHAT THE HELL'S HE TRYING TO PROVE?

IF HE'S TRYING TO PROVOKE US...IT'S WORKING.
BECAUSE I AM NOT LOVING IT. RICH, MYSTERIOUS ASSHOLE...
"GO GET 'EM, BOYS! AND HERE'S A FEW GOOD KICKS IN THE SHINS ALONG THE WAY!"
WHAT A KILLER WAY TO MOTIVATE THE TROOPS!
HERE I AM, BUSTING MY BALLS BACK IN TIME, STRANDED IN A PAPER-MOON VICTORIAN ENGLAND!
AND OLD FITZPATRICK?!
HE'S KICKING BACK AND RUBBING ONE OUT IN HIS AIR-CONDITIONED LOS ANGELES PALACE!
HOPE HE'S GOT A NICE SPOT RESERVED IN HIS ASS! BECAUSE THE SECOND I'M BACK, MY FOOT'S GOING RIGHT UP--
HEH.
SO, WITH ALL THAT...
...WHY THE HELL DO I FEEL BETTER THAN I HAVE IN MONTHS?

WE'RE CONFIDENT THAT ARCHIBALD MERIDEW'S DEATH IS RELATED TO THE FITZPATRICK KILLING--
CONFIDENT? WE GOT THE KILLER RUNNING SCARED!

WE...DO HAVE A NEBULOUS DESCRIPTION OF THE ASSAILANT--OR AT THE VERY LEAST THEIR ACCOMPLICE--AN INTENSE, SELF-MADE MAN FROM LONDON.

WE REMAIN UNCONVINCED OF THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CORN DOLLY--BUT WITH NO OTHER IMMEDIATE LEADS WE'LL FOLLOW IT UP WITH ONE OF OUR RISE, ALBION! SLEEPER AGENTS.

A RUM AFFAIR, TO BE SURE. IT SEEMS TO ME YOU'RE MAKING PROGRESS WITH REMARKABLE CELERITY!
CAPITAL WORK, BOTH OF YOU.

QUITE.

THE THAMES RIVERFRONT.
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING ONE OF YOU GENTS...
PUB
WICCA PUB
...SINCE HEARING THE NEWS, THAT IS.
NOT BEFORE. NEVER BEEN A PROGNOSTICATOR.
PERHAPS NOT. BUT AS I HOPE I NEEDN'T REMIND YOU...YOU ARE STILL ONE OF US.
SO I AM, MR. FOGG. SO I AM--
OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD.
THE BETTER I DO MY JOB...
...THE HARDER IT IS TO DO.

I--JEFFORD HACKSWORTH--AM TO BECOME THE VERY THING THAT I DESTROY TO...NO WAIT, TO BECOME THE VETHY SLEEK... THE VERY THING THAT I SEEK TO DESTROY!

ONE THING, JEFF. ONE QUESTION, I MEAN.
ARE YOU A GREAT ACTOR...OR A BAD DRUNK?

I LIKE THIS YANK!
SIR-- HOLBEIN, WAS IT? --THE FACT YOU ASK IS COMPLIMENT ENOUGH!

THE NAME'S HOLDEN!
EGAD! YOU'RE NOT BEHOLDEN TO ME, LAD! AN EASY ENOUGH MISTAKE TO MAKE.
BUT ANOTHER PINT OF THIS FINE ALE WOULD MORE THAN MAKE UP FOR ANY SLIGHT THAT YOU MAY PERCEIVE YOU'VE DEALT ME.

ENOUGH TOMFOOLERY, GENTS--DOWN TO BUSINESS. THIS CRIME-SCENE CORN DOLLY HAS GIVEN THE LEADERSHIP QUITE A TURN.
THE HIT WASN'T ONE OF OURS--
THEIRS.
AS YOU SAY. BUT THEY'RE STILL DEBATING WHETHER OR NOT TO CLAIM IT AS SUCH--
WAIT.
WE'RE BEING WATCHED.
HAVE YOUR WITS ABOUT YOU--I FEAR IT'S WORSE THAN BEING WATCHED.
WE'RE SURROUNDED.
I HOPE WE'RE NOT INTERRUPTING ANYTHING IMPORTANT?
WHY NOT INTRODUCE US TO YOUR FRIENDS, JEFFORD?
US? WE'RE IN LUCK, CLYDE.
WE CAME ALL THE WAY OUT TO THE RIVER LOOKING FOR SOME PISSANT STRAW MEN--AND HERE YOU ARE!
JESSE...
YOU GUYS WIN FIRST PRIZE! AND LOOK--HONESTLY?! IT'S NOT EVEN CLOSE. NOW...
NOW, WHY DON'T YOU GO ROLL BACK YOUR FORESKINS, STICK YOUR DICKS IN THE NEAREST HAY BALE...
...AND LET US GET ON WITH OUR NIGHT?

THEY'RE ARMED!
RA-TA-TA-TAT
NO KIDDING, ED.
GOOD THING I GAVE YOU THAT PIECE...

...THESE MUSCLED-UP TOUGHS AIN'T PLAYING BY VICTORIAN RULES!
AND THEY COULD DO WITH A BIT OF THE OLD HEAVE-HO!
COME ON, BOYS!
WHERE THE HELL'D YOU GET THESE AMERICAN BLASTERS?!
WHO GOT YOU ONTO OUR SCENT? WHO?!
A LAMENTABLE WASTE OF GOOD ALE!
HACKSWORTH! BEHIND YOU!

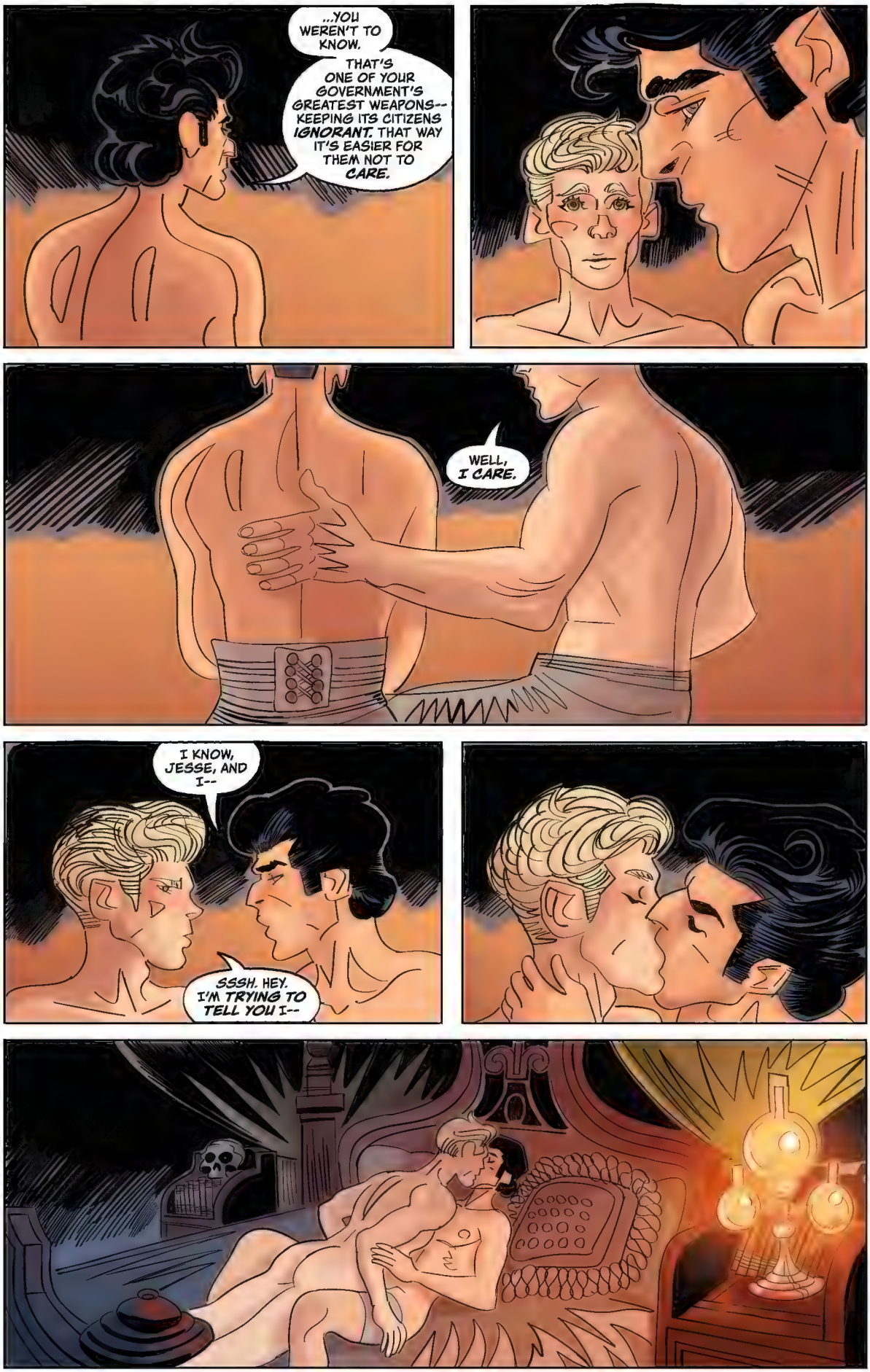
:UHF!:
NYGAAARGH!
EDWIN?!
ARE YOU--
AGHK!
NOT POLITE TO INTERRUPT.
THERE, THERE...
...I HAVE YOU, MAN. I HAVE YOU...

COME ON, YOU FIGGY-PUDDING FUCKS!
WHO ELSE WANTS SOME?! WHO WANTS TO--
WHO-- WHA--?
UAAHGD!
FOGG?! SHIT...
...YOU HANDLED THAT.
QUITE.

THREE BLIND MICE, THREE BLIND MICE. SEE HOW THEY RUN, SEE HOW THEY RUN--
IT LOOKS BAD, LIKE PRETTY BAD...
WE TROUNCED THOSE MISCREANTS, JEFFORD. GOOD AND PROPER.
THEY ALL RAN AFTER THE FARMER'S WIFE, WHO CUT OFF THEIR TAILS WITH A CARVING KNIFE--
THEY'LL CUT OFF MY ARM WITH A CARVING KNIFE!
DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A SIGHT IN YOUR LIFE AS THREE BLIND MICE?
WE'LL HAVE HELP HERE IN NO TIME.
AGENT ALCOHOL NEEDS THAT WOUND SEEN TO, ED--LIKE, RIGHT NOW.
IF HE WANTS TO LIVE, YES. IN ANY EVENT, I FEAR HE'LL LOSE THE ARM.
WHAT? LIKE AMPUTATE?!

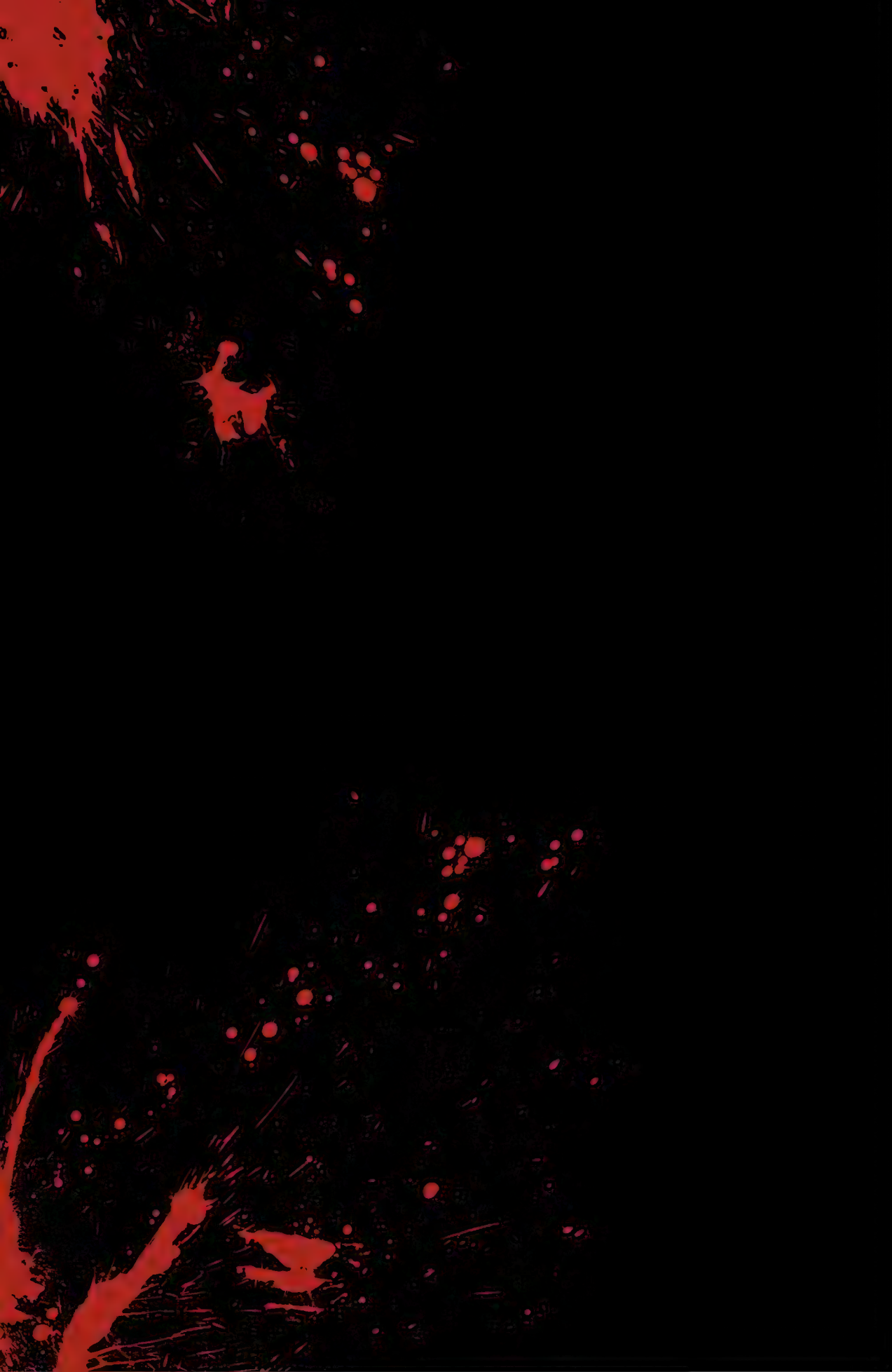
SURE, IT'S BAD...
BUT THEY'LL HAVE THAT CLEANED AND SEWED UP IN A SECOND--
NO, HOLDEN.
PERHAPS IN YOUR HOME THIS CAN BE HEALED--BUT HERE, IN THIS PLACE...
...A WOUND OF THIS SEVERITY REQUIRES AMPUTATION. THIS IS BY DESIGN.
JUST ONE OF THE MANY GIFTS BESTOWED ON US BY OUR AMERICAN PROTECTORS.
ANOTHER BENEFIT OF ENGLAND'S SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP WITH YOUR COUNTRY.
PERHAPS SOMETHING YOU COULD RAISE WITH YOUR SUPERIORS?

MARYLEBONE, LONDON.
HOLD STILL, ED. I HAVEN'T EVEN TOUCHED YOU YET!
NASTY CUT HERE.
HEY, BACK IN THE PUB...YOU DIDN'T USE YOUR GUN.
INDEED.
DID IT APPEAR THAT I NEEDED IT?
HEH. QUITE.
LOOK, I HOPE I WASN'T TOO MUCH OF A--WELL, A YANK--BACK THERE. YOU KNOW...
...ABOUT JEFFORD'S INJURY. WE REALLY SHIT ON YOU OVER HERE, DON'T WE?
I WON'T TRY TO DEFEND THAT, OR MYSELF. BUT STILL...
I'M SORRY, EDWIN.
I REALLY AM.


...YOU WEREN'T TO KNOW.
THAT'S ONE OF YOUR GOVERNMENT'S GREATEST WEAPONS-- KEEPING ITS CITIZENS IGNORANT. THAT WAY IT'S EASIER FOR THEM NOT TO CARE.
WELL, I CARE.
I KNOW, JESSE, AND I--
SSSH. HEY. I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU I--

MY THANKS. I BELIEVE I NOW KNOW ALL I NEED TO.
AND MORE, I'LL WARRANT!
A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS, MY DEAR. WE SINGLE WOMEN HAVE LONG UNDERSTOOD...
"...WE MUST WRING WHAT PENNIES CAN BE HAD...
"...FROM WHEREVER THEY CAN BE FOUND!"

THANK YOU FOR MEETING, AND AT SUCH SHORT NOTICE.
IT IS JUST AS WE SUSPECTED. WE *HAVE* THEM NOW...
BOTH OF THEM.

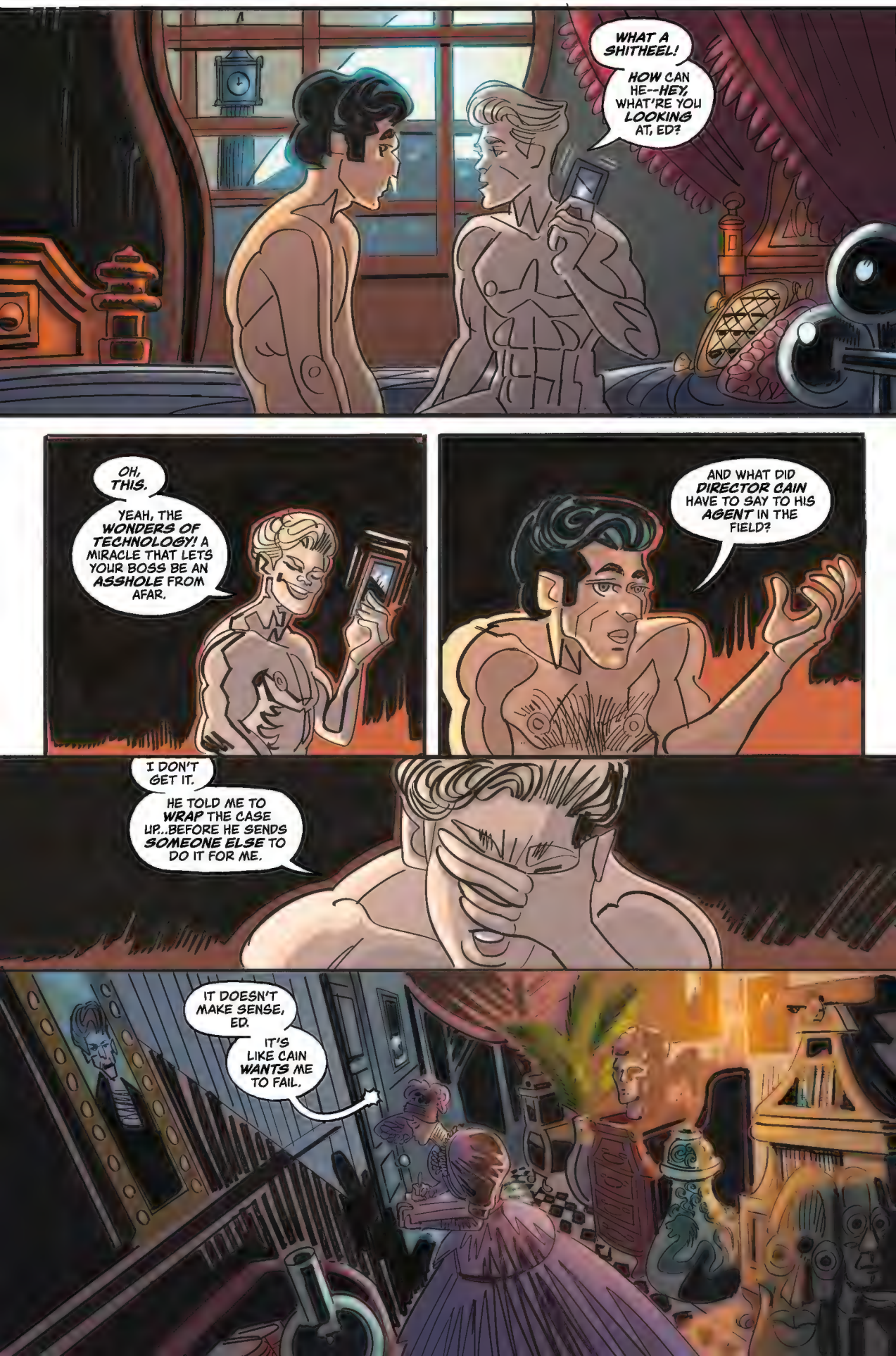


This city is filled with clamor.
Buildings lean towards each other precariously over filthy streets.
Within these narrow gulfs, a babel of voices clash with the grinding of machines and the clanging of a thousand bells.
And yet, in the midst of all this tumult...
...there still exists tranquility.

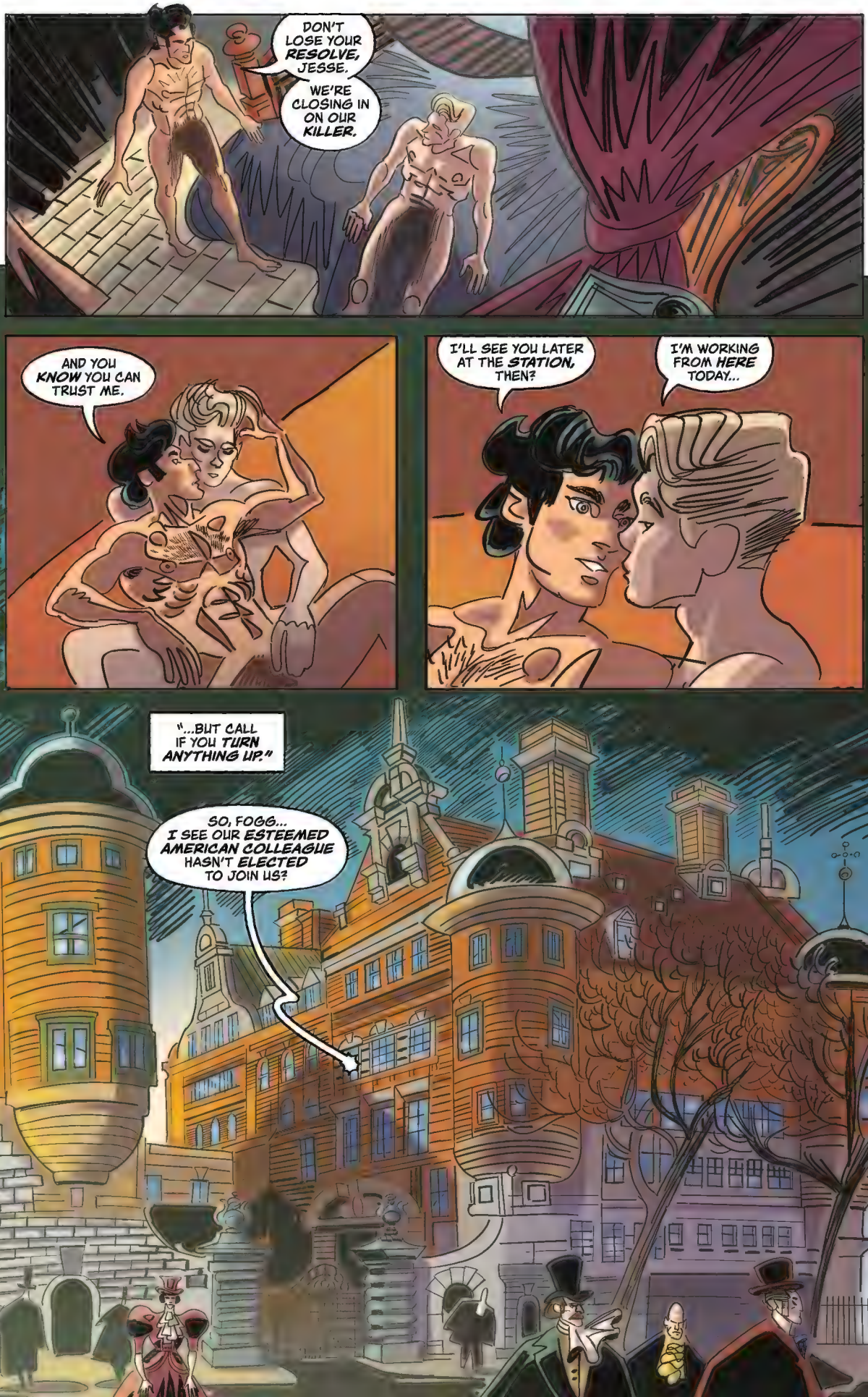
LONDON, 2188.

VVVMMMM!
HUH?
WH-WHAZZAT?

HELLO? THIS IS AGENT HOLDEN.
NO, IT'S OKAY. I--
HEY! HOLD ON--THAT'S NOT WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE.
WE'RE MAKING PROGRESS, BUT IT'S--
YEAH, OKAY. GOT IT.
LOUD AND CLEAR.


WHAT A SHITHEEL!
HOW CAN HE--HEY, WHAT'RE YOU LOOKING AT, ED?
OH, THIS.
YEAH, THE WONDERS OF TECHNOLOGY! A MIRACLE THAT LETS YOUR BOSS BE AN ASSHOLE FROM AFAR.
AND WHAT DID DIRECTOR CAIN HAVE TO SAY TO HIS AGENT IN THE FIELD?
I DON'T GET IT.
HE TOLD ME TO WRAP THE CASE UP..BEFORE HE SENDS SOMEONE ELSE TO DO IT FOR ME.
IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, ED.
IT'S LIKE CAIN WANTS ME TO FAIL.

THE WHOLE DAMN CASE FEELS LIKE A SETUP--AND I'M THE FUCKING FALL GUY.
WHO THE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO TRUST?!
"...THE WHOLE CASE FEELS LIKE A SETUP..."
HEH. HELLUVA VIEW.
CAN'T SAY LONDON DON'T HAVE ITS SIGHTS.
HATE TO SEE YOU SPOIL IT WITH THESE...THESE, WELL...
ACTUALLY, ED...WHAT ARE THESE?
I SUPPOSE IT IS A TAD LATE FOR MODESTY.


DON'T LOSE YOUR RESOLVE, JESSE.
WE'RE CLOSING IN ON OUR KILLER.
AND YOU KNOW YOU CAN TRUST ME.
I'LL SEE YOU LATER AT THE STATION, THEN?
I'M WORKING FROM HERE TODAY...
"...BUT CALL IF YOU TURN ANYTHING UP."
SO, FOGG... I SEE OUR ESTEEMED AMERICAN COLLEAGUE HASN'T ELECTED TO JOIN US?

PERHAPS HE'S AFRAID TO SHOW HIS FACE AFTER THAT DEBACLE AT THE WICKER MAN?
3-5
3-5
THAT'S HARDLY FAIR, COMMISSIONER LALLY. HOW COULD WE HAVE KNOWN WE WERE WALKING INTO A TRAP?
JESSE-- AGENT HOLDEN-- SHOWED GREAT COURAGE IN--
GENERALLY, WE ENCOURAGE OUR OFFICERS TO LEAVE OUR INFORMANTS IN ONE PIECE.
MAY I ASK? AFTER THIS LATEST ADVENTURE OF YOURS...WHO DO YOU SUSPECT THE KILLER TO BE?
WELL, I'M NOT SURE. WE--
IT SEEMS TO ME THAT YOU HAVE A GREAT MANY IDEAS ABOUT WHO THE KILLER IS NOT.
I SUGGEST YOU START CONCENTRATING ON WHO THEY ARE.
WILL THAT BE ALL, COMMISSIONER?

BRING ME CONCRETE RESULTS, DETECTIVE...FOR ALL OF OUR SAKES.
YOUR REPORT HAS CONCLUDED, FOGG. PEEL WILL SEE YOU OUT.
WE CAN'T TALK HERE. TOO MANY EARS. MEET ME AT HIGHGATE CEMETERY AT MIDNIGHT TONIGHT...
"...THERE ARE THINGS THAT YOU MUST KNOW.
"AND DON'T TELL AGENT HOLDEN YET...

"...HE'S GOT A LEAK ON HIS SIDE."
YOU CAME.
I DON'T SEE THAT I HAD ANY CHOICE, ALTHOUGH I DO QUESTION WHETHER THIS DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE IS STRICTLY NECESSARY.
OH, I THINK YOU WILL FIND THIS MEETING NOTHING SHORT OF A REVELATION, DETECTIVE FOGG.
IF IT'S THE TRUTH YOU SEEK, YOU SHALL HAVE IT.
IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?

OF COURSE.
I WONDER...
IT WAS THADDEUS FITZPATRICK WHO DID AWAY WITH HIS OWN GRANDSON. LIKE SOME SORDID GREEK TRAGEDY.
YOUNG KENNETH WAS BECOMING REBELLIOUS AND--MORE DANGEROUS STILL--POPULAR WITH THE PUBLIC.
IT SEEMS KEN HAD STARTED TO RIVAL THE OLD MAN. SO, HE WAS SIMPLY... REMOVED.
WITH OUR HELP. THAT'S OUR REAL JOB AT THE POLICE FORCE--TO SERVE AND PROTECT.
THE RIGHT PEOPLE. EVEN...

...IF IT MEANS RESURRECTING THE RIPPER!
:WHUFFF!:
IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL...
BUT YOUR SUPPORT FOR AGENT HOLDEN HAS BECOME POSITIVELY UNHELPFUL.

CONSIDER THIS AN EARLY RETIREMENT!
SHING-G!
GNNNNGH!
HNH!
I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE MY INGRATITUDE...

...BUT I AM COMPELLED TO DEMUR.
YOU BROUGHT THIS ON YOURSELF, FOGG!
YOUR UNREPENTANT RIGHTEOUSNESS HAS MADE A LIABILITY OF YOU!
WE ALL HAVE BLOOD ON OUR HANDS. BUT I DO MY DUTY--HOWEVER UNPLEASANT IT MAY BE.
NYAAAAAAAAAAAA

DAMNATION!
SGNKKK
KHAAA!
SUUUUHHK

BLAOOOOM!

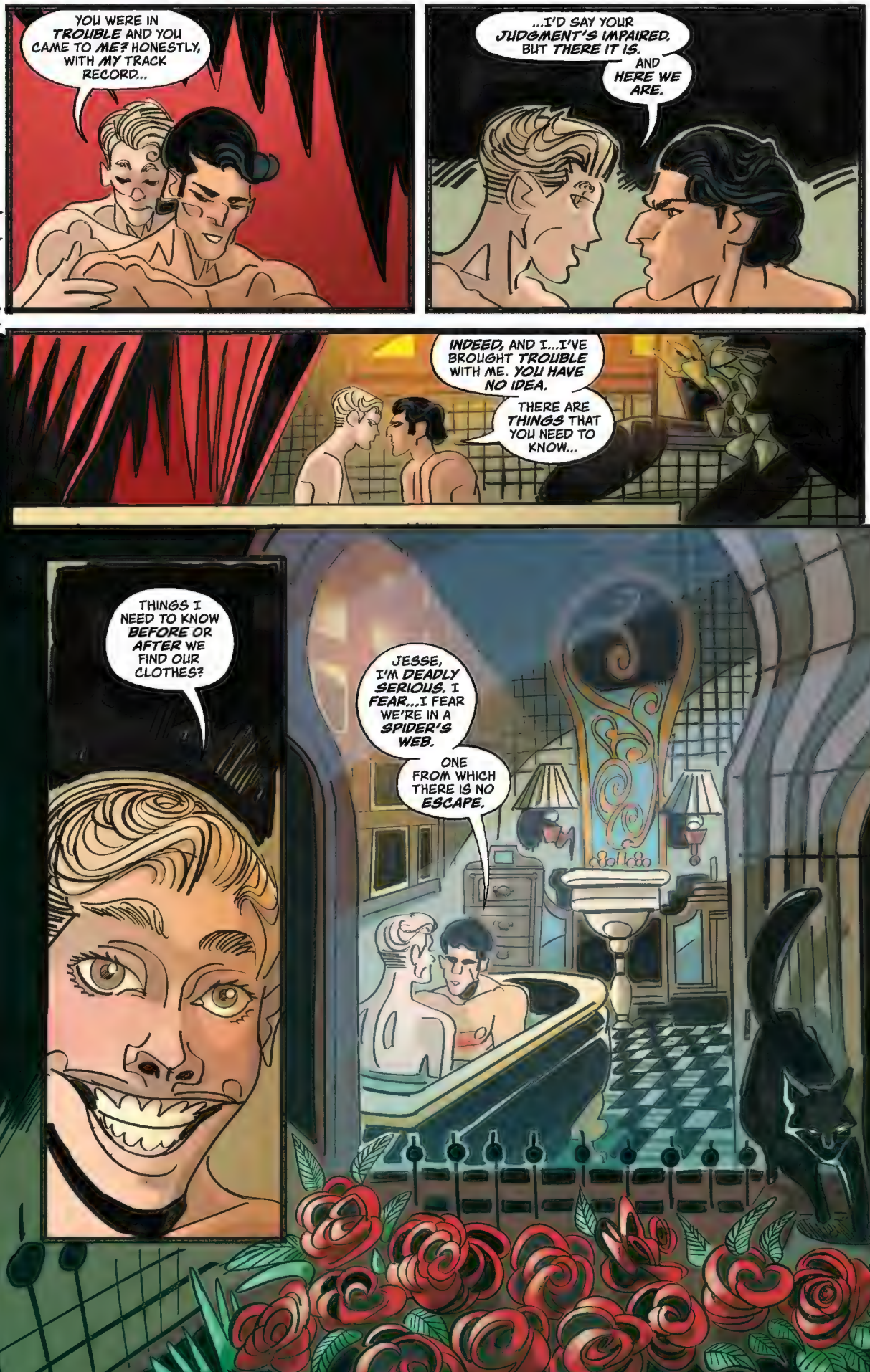
OH.

HNH.
EARLY RETIREMENT?
QUITE.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!
WHO IS IT?
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!
ED?!
THAT YOU?
BETTER BE.

FUCK ME! YOUR CHEST!
=GHK=
HOLD ON, ED. I GOT YOU.
I GOT YOU...
YOU'RE SAFE.

"YOU'RE SAFE WITH ME."


YOU WERE IN TROUBLE AND YOU CAME TO ME? HONESTLY, WITH MY TRACK RECORD...
...I'D SAY YOUR JUDGMENT'S IMPAIRED, BUT THERE IT IS. AND HERE WE ARE.
INDEED, AND I...I'VE BROUGHT TROUBLE WITH ME. YOU HAVE NO IDEA.
THERE ARE THINGS THAT YOU NEED TO KNOW...
THINGS I NEED TO KNOW BEFORE OR AFTER WE FIND OUR CLOTHES?
JESSE, I'M DEADLY SERIOUS. I FEAR...I FEAR WE'RE IN A SPIDER'S WEB.
ONE FROM WHICH THERE IS NO ESCAPE.

OKAY, ED. LET ME HAVE IT.
HIT ME.
IT WOULD SEEM YOUR INSTINCT WAS CORRECT. WE ARE BOTH PUPPETS ON A SHADOWY STAGE. OUR GOVERNMENTS ARE COLLUDING TO COVER UP THADDEUS FITZPATRICK'S DIRTY WORK.
NEITHER OF OUR EMPLOYERS WANT THIS CASE SOLVED. FOR GOD'S SAKE--THEY'RE THE PERPETRATORS OF THE CRIME!
PEEL'S AMBITION WAS WEAPONIZED, HIS SKILLS AS THE SON OF A BUTCHER PUT TO HORRIBLE USE. IT SEEMS FANTASTIC, BUT I HAVE THE SCARS TO PROVE IT.
I SUSPECT THAT THEY WERE SURPRISED--AND DEEPLY UNHAPPY--WITH OUR COLLABORATION. THAT WAS NOT PART OF THE PLAN.

NOW THEY WANT ME OUT OF THE WAY. WE MUST ASSUME THE SAME ABOUT YOU.
:HMH: WELL, THERE YOU HAVE IT.
I MUST GO INTO HIDING.
IMMEDIATELY.
YOU'RE RIGHT. THEY'LL BE AFTER ME NEXT.
I SAY WE'RE BETTER OFF TOGETHER.
JESSE, WE'D BE GIFT-WRAPPING OURSELVES FOR THE SLAUGHTER. YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS.
CAN'T HE?

TRUST ME, DETECTIVE FOGG. NO USE ARGUING WITH A YANK. BETTER LUCK MANICURING A TIGER.
ONLY QUESTION IS--WHERE DO YOU TWO OUTLAW LAWMEN GO?
BEFORE YOU ANSWER, LET ME CONGRATULATE YOU. YOU'VE CONFOUNDED YOUR ENEMIES...
...AS YOU SUSPECTED, YOU WERE EACH SUPPOSED TO MAKE THE OTHER'S JOB MORE DIFFICULT.
AH, THE COMPLICATED WEAVINGS OF FATE! SOMETIMES TWO WRONGS DO MAKE A RIGHT!
NOW THAT YOU HAVE LEARNED THE TRUTH, MIGHT I OFFER YOU AN OPTION FOR WHAT TO DO WITH IT?
FOLLOW ME, GENTLEMEN. I WON'T BOTHER TO PLAY IT COY, AND FORGIVE ME FOR SPEAKING FRANKLY...
...BUT THE WAY I SEE IT, YOU HAVE NO OTHER CHOICES.
LISTEN, JEANNIE, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW--
WE ARE IN YOUR HANDS, M'LADY.

THERE'S LITTLE TIME-- THEY'LL BE PULLING THEIR NET TIGHT.
YOU'VE BOTH BECOME DANGEROUS LIABILITIES TO THE AUTHORITIES ON BOTH SIDES OF THE POND.
BUT ONE MAN'S TRASH IS ANOTHER MAN'S TREASURE.
WE TUNNELLERS HAVE BEEN WATCHING YOUR ACTIONS WITH INTEREST.
I'VE BEEN ORDERED TO RETURN TO FRANCE--WITH BOTH OF YOU IF YOU'RE WILLING.
WE'RE ALWAYS ON THE HUNT FOR ALLIES WHO MIGHT HELP US RESTORE ENGLAND TO THE PROUD NATION IT ONCE WAS.
STEP INSIDE, GENTLEMEN...

...YOUR DESTINY AWAITS.
YOU'VE ALREADY GUESSED THE BROAD STROKES. THE CORRUPTION GOES RIGHT TO THE TOP.

IT'S A DANGEROUS TIME IN ENGLAND TO HAVE *MORAL SCRUPLES.*
AND BOTH OF YOU HAVE MADE IT ABUNDANTLY CLEAR WHAT *KIND OF MEN* YOU ARE.
THANKFULLY, *SOME* OF US STILL VALUE INTEGRITY.
I'M OFFERING YOU THE OPPORTUNITY TO *FIGHT* ANOTHER DAY, AND *MANY MORE* AFTER THAT.
WILL YOU TAKE IT?

SO, FRANCE? THEY STILL MAKING WINE OVER THERE?
SOME MIGHT SAY THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO DO, JESSE. BUT AS EXPORTS GO...
...I'M A TOUCH MORE INTERESTED IN REVOLUTION.

Afterword

By John Harris Dunning

The comic book medium encourages collaboration. As a writer, I always look forward to the artist sending me their first pages and seeing the story starting to come to life . . . but this project was the first I've cowritten, and I was unsure how I'd find the process. I knew I admired my cowriter Steve Orlando's work, and I had no doubt about his being able to create mind-blowing stories, but what would it be like to do that *together*? I was jazzed about us working together, but when it comes to storytelling, I'm opinionated. I know exactly how I want a story to unfold. I was sure someone of Steve's stature would be too. We writers *have* to be. Surely that would lead to some tricky negotiations, at the very least? I was wrong. We had chemistry, pure and simple. Right from the get-go the story flowed, and we raced to keep up with it; writing double headed meant that whenever we encountered a plot snag, we instantly dodged it.

The crucible of our idea for collaboration was to tell a story where we could mouth off about the problems facing our respective homelands, the (as of this writing) United Kingdom and the (as of this writing) United States of America. Like any thinking members of a modern democracy, both of us have strong views about the tumultuous recent politics of our nations. We're critical of them because we *believe* in them and their potential futures. So, this story started as a dialogue about our opinions. We were talking about serious issues, but that didn't mean we couldn't have fun with telling our story, and our political crime tale developed a satirical edge . . .

That's one of the strengths of satire: it allows writers to deal with difficult subjects playfully. It's an approach that stimulates conversation rather than delivering didactic points of view. As I'm an African residing in the UK and writing primarily for an American audience, and Steve is an Anglophile with a deep knowledge of British culture, we were both interested in unpacking cultural clichés. What do we admire and what do we dislike about each other's countries—and about our own? What do readers expect from an English or an American character? How do we fit those stereotypes? It was a fascinating creative conversation that yielded surprising results—results that found their way into the pages of *Ripperland*.

Then there's the artwork. Artist Alessandro Oliveri's commitment to the world building of *Ripperland* was something that took us by surprise. Neither of us had worked with him before. The dynamism of his work is what initially hooked us, but his obsessive research for *Ripperland*, his deep dive into Victorian architecture and fashion that's apparent on every page of this book, is what really blew our minds. Simply put, his art elevated our storytelling and took the book to another level.

We really enjoyed hanging out with Agent Jesse Holden and Detective Edwin Fogg in their world. We hope you did too.

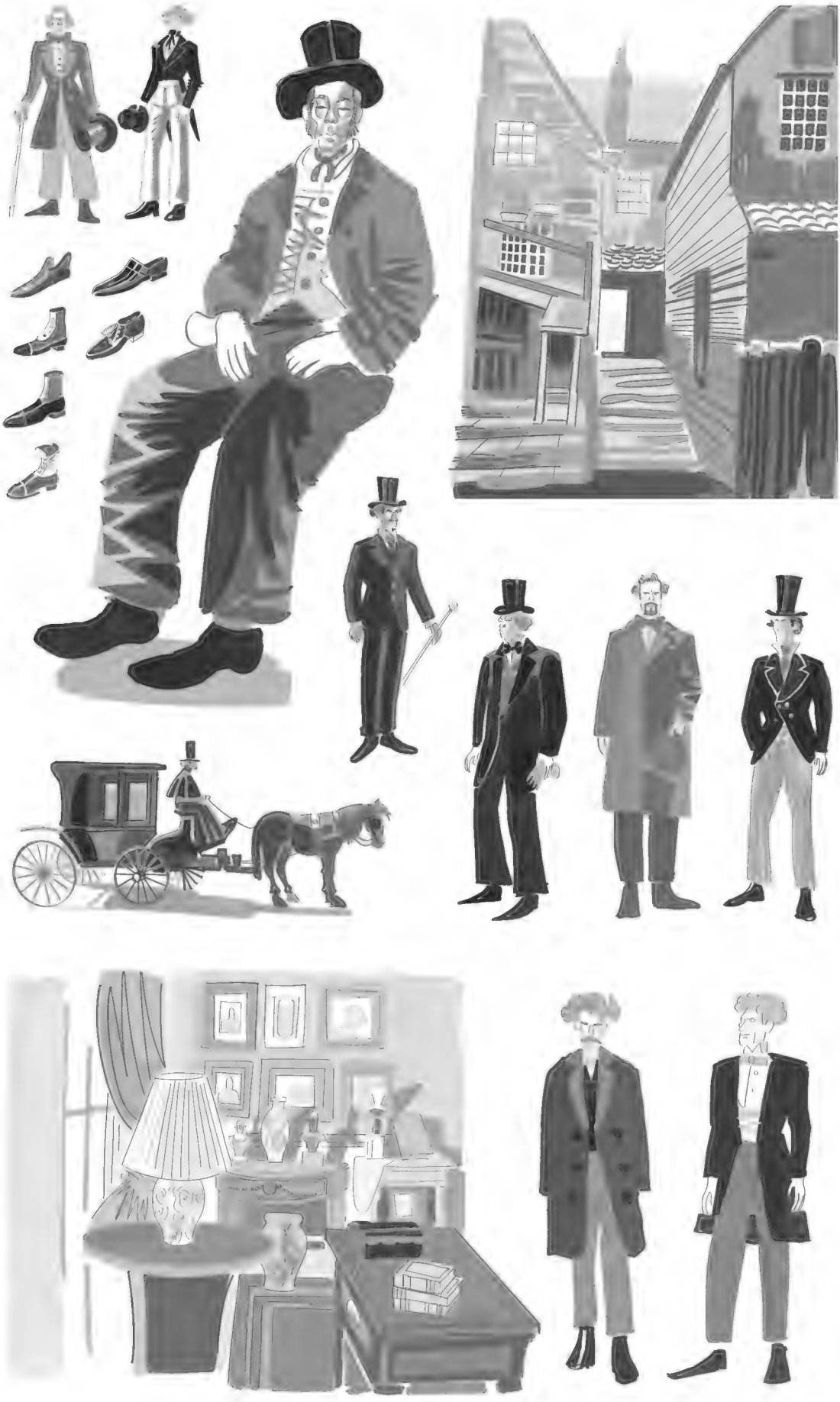
Ripperland™

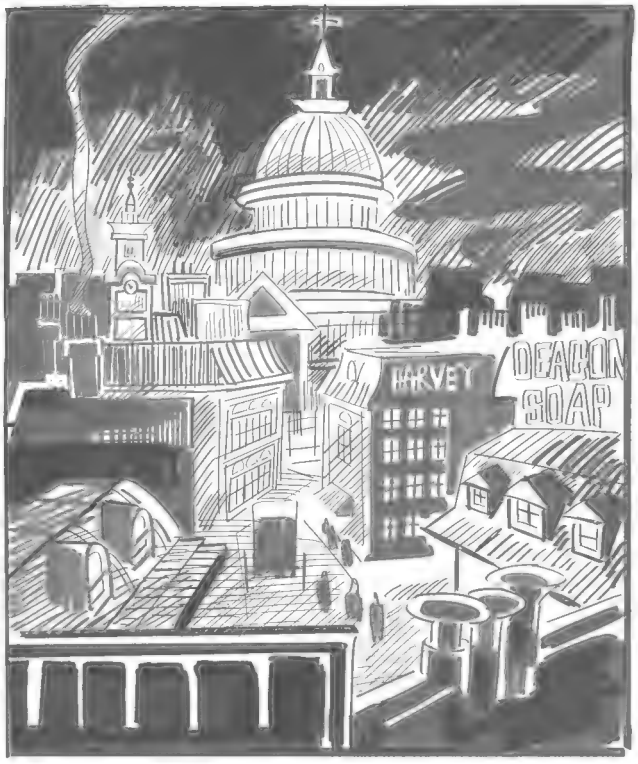
Sketchbook

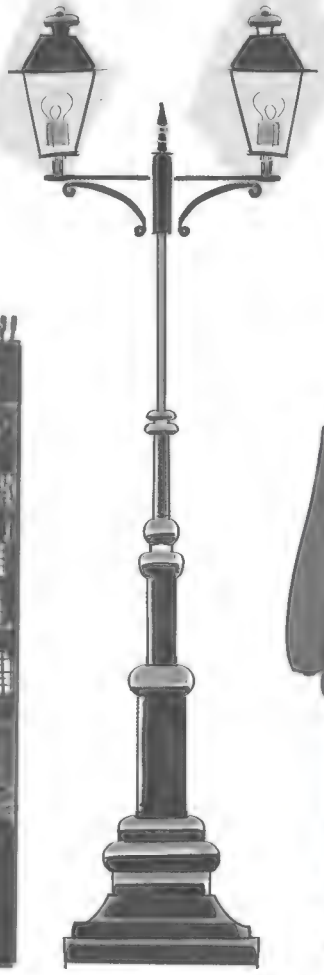
Designs by Alessandro Oliveri

FITZPATRICK SR
SHOE SHINE BOY

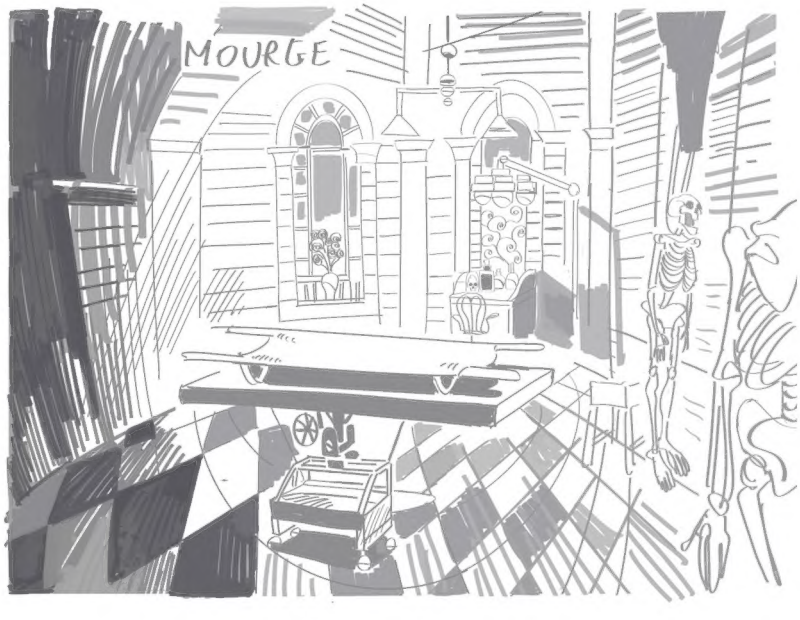
HOLDEN
OPHELIA




HARVEY
DEACON
SOAP



LONDON
HARVEY


MOURGE

Ripperland™

The year is 2188 and Jack the Ripper has returned to London.

For the last century, a shattered post-Brexit England has operated as a massive Victorian theme park in exchange for American military and financial protection. But when an American mogul's grandson is killed in the heart of London, the delicate status quo is threatened. Is the killer a brilliant maniac? Americans taking advantage of their superior technology? Or the English underground resistance, wishing to throw off the yoke of American oppression and rejoin the modern world? American special agent Jesse Holden and local British police detective Edwin Fogg must overcome their clashing ideologies in order to find the truth in the foggy streets of twenty-second-century London.

Collects *Ripperland* #1–#4.

DARK HORSE BOOKS®